

The Editor is happy to receive and to consider articles from any quarter; but he cannot in any case return MSS. which are not accepted, nor will he hold interviews or correspondence concerning them.

THE ROUND TABLE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1869.

POLITICAL INTOLERANCE.

RELIGIOUS intolerance is rapidly becoming a thing of the past. Instances of bigotry occur here and there, but the world only wonders or laughs at what once made it tremble and shed tears. It is no longer thought worth while to torture our neighbor because his creed differs from our own. Men may openly profess even the most singular and unpopular beliefs with little risk of persecution, and, in most cases, without loss of credit. It is customary to regard this change as a proof of the world's progress and of the improvement of society; and yet some see in it only an evidence of the weakening hold that religious opinions of any sort retain on the human mind. Conviction, it is argued, is the parent of earnestness, and the prevalent apathy is the sure sign of a loosened faith. However this may be, the general indifference respecting people's notions about the future life by no means extends to their opinions about the present one. It would appear that men are now more anxious about the temporal bodies of their fellows than about their eternal souls, and more intensely interested in the regulation of earthly affairs than of heavenly ones. The softened manners of the age restrain, it is true, the horrible bitterness, the thirst to inflict pain on account of political difference, that once animated and poisoned theological dissension; but men are men in all times and epochs, and the spirit of intolerance is still the same, however outwardly manifested or suppressed. In other words, where a strong conviction exists, the barbaric instinct to hurt what is unlike themselves rises in men's hearts and prompts them to all manner of cruelty and injustice. During our late civil war this instinct, springing into full play, led to lamentable excess, and was the cause of untold needless misery. The tremendous lesson taught by the struggle—the lesson of charity for the honest opinions of others, mistaken as we may think them, the lesson of patience for zeal as disinterested as our own, however conflicting its objects—might have been expected to have profound effect upon an intelligent community. No matter how patriotic and conscientious and deeply persuaded of the justice of his cause any man on either side might have gone into this war, he could not come out of it without feeling that there had been opposed to him men as patriotic, as conscientious, and as deeply persuaded as himself. It is somewhat surprising, then, and very sad, four years after the sword has been sheathed, to find so much left of that extreme intolerance and barbaric hate that did such evil work in adding superfluous horror and devastation to the war.

This irrational if not criminal animosity is felt and expressed on both sides—among Democrats as well as Republicans. It is not the heritage of combat or bloodshed, for most men, like Colonel Damas, like others much better after fighting with them, and common sense teaches that those who go forth to take life must be prepared to lay it down. The feeling is that which existed before the war, and it has been less altered or modified by the war than most of us are apt to suppose. There are abundant indications of its vitality among both the great political parties; but its expressions are much more numerous and, as we think, much more reprehensible among Republicans than Democrats. They are more numerous, because the former party have by far the greater number of organs among the press whereby to make themselves felt than have their opponents; and more reprehensible, because the season of victory should be the season of magnanimity, and if ever a party could afford to be generous the Republicans can now. Yet, what is the condition of things, as illustrated by individual experience? If a man writes a sermon, or pleads a cause, or writes a book, or makes a speech, or edits a newspaper, and he is known to be a Democrat or, what is as bad, not known to be a Republican, his work is decried or ignored, and let his talents and his energy be what they may, he will be sharply and systematically punished for his political heresy. Meanwhile, he will have the satisfaction of seeing the slothful, the stupid, and the ignorant, who either cleave to the orthodox faith or have the craft to pretend to it, exalted over his head. It is extraordinary to what a degree this absurd and unjust discrimination is carried. The vast majority of Republican journals, especially in New England, will not even notice literary work of merit, however disconnected with politics, that emanates from sources not on their own side; but any number of weak and childish productions from ostentatious Republicans are by the same journals lauded to the skies. Men and women who ought to be sawing wood and washing dishes are continually held up for admiration in the same columns as shining literary lights, authors, lecturers, or what not, simply because they have managed to identify themselves with the dominant party. The writers on the most extreme Radical newspapers of New York city carry this custom to a point absolutely laughable. Even when they write for current magazines they are perpetually buttering other writers, newspapers, artists, or lecturers, as "noble," "high-toned," "devoted to lofty principle," and the like, for no better reason, that disinterested critics can see, than that the happy subjects of panegyric are "sound" in their fidelity to the

party of great moral ideas. We do not mean for an instant to imply that Democratic organs are too good to use similar tactics; but it so happens that with them such cases are less conspicuous, not only for the reason already cited, *i. e.*, their comparative paucity in number, but for another reason less obvious; which is, that the Democratic journals for the most part either appeal to so educated an order of readers as to make such devices ridiculous, or to so uneducated an order as to make them of little use. Not superior virtue but accidental circumstances, then, give a practical monopoly in this chivalrous business to the mouth-pieces of the party in power.

Some of the evils of such partisan intolerance and partiality are plain enough, but perhaps not all of them. It is manifest that the habit of thinking ourselves always right and our neighbors always wrong, must necessarily be dwarfing and degrading to the mind; that it must stunt the growth of those judicial faculties without which no intellect can ever be rightly developed, and check the exercise of that sense of justice which is indispensable to mental symmetry. Under the influence of such a habit, men grow arrogant as well as stupid; they learn to become tyrants while calling themselves patriots; they encourage themselves and others to move in flocks like sheep, and to think like sheep; and by cultivating the practice of hating and treating as an enemy every one who does not think exactly with themselves, they effectually crush all independence of thought. There are other injurious effects not quite so palpable. In an old country parties may rage high without particularly affecting religion, literature, or society; in a new country it is emphatically otherwise. In the former, opinions, standards, and precedents are established, and a large body of learned persons are constantly engaged in maintaining them. But in a new and half-educated community the gregarious and undisciplined instincts of the populace lead them to apply tests drawn from one class of opinions to all other subjects, no matter how irrelevant, and thus to fall into and disseminate errors fatally opposed to true progress. When we see vast congregations, like Mr. Beecher's, all of one political belief, and men elevated to responsible public positions when they scarcely know their letters, and spinners of adulatory doggerel about the powers that be compared with Pope and Byron, and vulgar and ignorant shoddy lords styled by the press leaders of society and fashion, and men hardly fit to be ushers in primary schools controlling and writing articles for "great metropolitan newspapers," we behold some of the results of political intolerance and partiality enjoying full swing in the absence of wholesome criticism and recognized standards. When people flatter and congratulate and reward each other very much indeed upon being commonplace and prejudiced dunces, the number of such dunces is likely to increase apace; and herein lies one great reason for that boding decadence in our letters, manners, and social habits which during the past few years has excited so much anxious attention, and led so many excellent citizens to begin most unwillingly to despair of the republic.

If Americans are ever to reach those ideals which they talk about so glibly and approach so slowly, they must divest themselves of that habit of acrimonious injustice toward political opponents that now distinguishes them, and learn to believe that men may possibly be great and good, and useful members of society in a thousand ways, even when so unfortunate as to differ from any particular body respecting questions of public policy. Our countrymen must get over the practice of assuming that a man is necessarily a great preacher, lawyer, author, or editor merely because he is a Republican, and that others of the same professions are perforce block-heads because they happen to be Democrats; or *vice versa*. Such prejudices are unworthy of civilization, and the plea that they assist in disseminating sound principles is a dismal fallacy. Burning people alive, bursting asunder their joints, and scooping their eyes out with hot irons had no great effect in mediæval epochs in arresting heresy, neither will the social torture, persecution, and injustice of modern times be of much avail to make political converts. Of all things conceivable in this country we lack, and should most cherish, diversity of thought and opinion, and the freedom we so highly prize will assuredly never last unless we make it absolute as well as relative, or rather, unless we displace the nominal for the real.

CABS vs. CARS.

THE passage of the Hansom Cab bill at the late session of the Legislature promises to afford to our long-suffering citizens a great and much-needed relief. We do not believe that there is in the civilized world another city, its equal in greatness, so badly used in the matter of transportation as New York. For that vast majority of our people whose means will not permit them the luxury of a private carriage, or even the occasional costly comfort of a hackney-coach, travel within city limits has been for years a continual torture. One horse-car company after another has been licensed to take virtual possession of our streets; one after another has laid down its tracks with the most alluring professions of future service; and one after another has shown the same reckless disregard of the interests of the public it was ostensibly chartered to benefit. There must be something in our Manhattan air which disposes to submission, or we should surely not have stood so long and so quietly the varied and exasperating impositions of the monopolies that rule us; least of all the car monopoly, whose outrages are most constant, most annoying, and most inevitable. To be huddled and crammed together like sheep, more miserably, indeed, than Mr. Bergh's benevolent vigilance nowadays ever

permits sheep to be, in vermin-swarming, foul-smelling, sweltering, stifling boxes; to be pushed and hauled and dragged about, to be pawed and smeared, to see our wives and sisters and daughters pawed and smeared, and all but embraced, by greasy-handed, filthy conductors; to stand up when we had paid for a seat, or to content ourselves with half a seat when we had paid for a whole one; to risk life or limb getting on and off the car while in motion, whenever the autocrat in charge desired to make up for lost time or felt more arbitrary than usual; these are some of the intolerable inflictions which New Yorkers for the past ten years have quietly, almost without remonstrance, endured, and which certainly no other free people on the face of the globe could ever have been brought to endure. Not that these are all or the worst of the impositions to which the car monopolies have subjected us unresisting. The illegal extortions, the worse than legal delays, the continual irregularities, the organized system of brigandage, usually with the connivance or sympathy of their employees, which has made night travel on certain lines as perilous as a trip through Texas—these and a thousand other omissions and commissions of every sort show how nicely they have gauged the patience, and how contemptuously they rate the spirit, of the public. Probably there is not a single one of our readers, compelled by unavoidable necessity to travel by horse-car to and from his business, who has not learned to look upon these morning and evening rides as positive trials and vexations of flesh and spirit. And there is none, we are sure, but will hail with exultation the beginning of any enterprise promising an escape from a nuisance which absolute necessity alone makes endurable.

But even if our horse-cars were conducted with all that attention to public comfort and convenience which they so utterly lack, their publicity and gregariousness would still render them supremely distasteful to fine or fastidious organizations. To some natures enforced contact with any alien personality is positive misery, and to most people, we fancy, of any delicacy or refinement, the promiscuous herding in which average Americans seem to take such a strange delight is repugnant, to say the least.

In this respect the omnibuses are preferable, since the peculiarity of their construction makes it impossible to overcrowd them like the cars, and their higher fare tends to fill them with people who know and recognize some, at least, of the laws of etiquette and courtesy which obtain in decent society. Yet these, too, have their drawbacks, chief among which is the unaccountable mania of many of their frequenters for making their way in and out by climbing over the knees of their fellow-passengers, clutching wildly at their collars, and using them generally as if they were stay-ropes on a ship's companion-way. To people so unreasonable as to object to this sort of thing it will be no little gratification to have at their disposal a vehicle wherein they can go up and down town with entire privacy, increased speed, and at a moderate cost. To women especially, since their finer organizations feel with especial keenness the disagreements we have enumerated, the introduction of the Hansom into general use ought to be a positive boon. Any woman who, worn out with a day's shopping, or caught in the rain, has been compelled to stand up through a long ride in a hot and crowded, perhaps damp and mouldy, car or omnibus, would doubtless be glad enough to have at her command a conveyance which, even at four times the cost, should transport her to her home quickly and with entire comfort. We do not mean to touch on the question of the propriety of men's giving up their seats to women. That is a matter which must be referred, after all, to every man's individual generosity and chivalry, and certainly no one who has noticed feminine ways and manners in public vehicles, the ungracious acceptance of proffered courtesy, the obstinate retention of needless space, the sullen reluctance in making room for new-comers, especially of their own sex, which marks the behavior of some of our ladies, will deny that there is something to be said on both sides. But the Hansom will go far to resolve the point in the pleasantest way by making it obsolete, not only in offering to ladies an agreeable escape from the unpleasant dilemma of walking or entering a crowded car or omnibus, but in, to some extent, diminishing the pressure on those modes of transportation.

Of course to do this the new enterprise must be on a large scale and under careful and skilful management. To insure its success two things are indispensable—cheapness and ubiquity. Numerous stands should be scattered over the city at the most accessible points, where it shall be generally known that a cab may be hired at any hour of the day or night, and the fare should be fixed at the lowest possible rate consistent with profit. These two requisites seen to, good horses, civil drivers, and neat carriages provided, there is no reasonable doubt that the undertaking will succeed. The regular travel to Wall Street alone ought to establish it on a paying basis.

But beside this there is a vast amount of transient travel to and from hotels and the various steamboat and railway landings; or in such sudden emergencies, constantly arising, as require more speed than car or stage will give; or between points in the city between which there is no other connection, as in going across town from north-east to south-west, when one must walk who is unable to hire a hack. To be sure, this last want will be in a measure remedied by the projected Twenty-third Street road; but in the absence of a comprehensive and effective transfer system, such as Philadelphia and Cambridge enjoy, the cost of changing over different lines will be too great to offset the advantages of the scarcely more expensive Hansom. If, indeed, even at this late hour, the car companies would

take counsel of a tardy wisdom, and introduce the transfer plan, divide the individual seats by iron arms, as in the ferry-boats, permit none to enter a car after the seats are filled, and make the use of soap and water compulsory on their employees, the cab company might find therein a formidable obstacle to their success. But this is hardly to be hoped for, and it is to the Hansoms that we must look for deliverance. To the projectors of the new enterprise we wish all good fortune; they need only follow out the principles we have suggested to command success.

FEMALE LECTURERS.

AMERICAN ladies have of late set the example of doing many things not customary hitherto for their sex to do, and among the rest, as the reporters would say, they have "mounted the rostrum." They have undertaken the task of orally instructing their adult countrymen—and women—concerning matters we may suppose not easy to get informed about in any other way, and have sought honor and profit in paths made attractive by the successes of a Phillips, a Beecher, and a Train. It may be quite natural, although to us it seems a little odd, that the minds of these lady lecturers appear to dwell with feeling and pertinacity upon the great discouragement they have met in carrying out their design to lecture, and the violent prejudice entertained, especially by the male sex, against such sinister projects. This seems odd, we say, because we have never known an instance yet of a lady attempting such a thing without extraordinary pains being taken and aid bespoken on all sides for the precise reason that the speaker was a woman. The evidences of partiality for women meet us on every side. Whether it be the proceedings of the "Sorosis," the debates at the Woman's Rights Conventions, or the editorial fulminations of the *Revolution*, far more attention is given and far more applause accorded to the attempts of women in these public capacities than can possibly be extorted by men of the same average ability; and this is more emphatically true of public lecturing than of anything else. We can easily understand friends opposing such attempts, for reasons by no means identical with those that make most people object to their female relatives going on the stage. Apprehensions are reasonable enough on moral and social grounds in the latter case, such as none but the bigoted can indulge in respecting the former. Female lecturers are unlikely to be pursued by libertines, to have their constitutions impaired by late hours and unhealthy diet, to fall into meretricious habits, physical or mental, or to forfeit the social recognition to which they are originally eligible. But a lecturer, male or female, challenges criticism in an exceedingly hazardous manner. To hold the attention, sustain the interest, and command the respect of an intelligent audience for two hours, is one of the most difficult things under the sun; and to be a successful lecturer, no less than this is demanded. The pity or toleration of an audience may, perhaps, be depended upon for once, but of course no sane person would count on these for permanent support. It seems clear that to succeed in this walk the candidate must either tell the public something they don't know, or tell what they do know better than the public have heard any one else tell it. The great actor may in a manner compass both, and the mediocre actor may get on without either; but even the moderately successful lecturer must do one of these things. When Mr. J. S. Mill, or Mr. Carlyle, or Mr. Ruskin comes forward to lecture everybody knows that the first essential—the originality of mission—is certain; the delivery may be very bad, but the matter atones for all. The same might fairly be expected of such a woman as was Mrs. Mill or Eliza Farnham, or Harriet Martineau or George Eliot, nor do we think that any one worth listening to would raise against such speakers the objection of their sex. Let any one, man or woman, really have something new to say or surely have the power to say something old extraordinarily well, and we are confident the world is quite ready and glad to listen. The trouble is that these are difficult conditions, and it is because even the most partial friends perceive this that they dislike to encourage or sanction what has so many chances against its success. Now, women are not as likely to be original as men, and not as likely to be effective as public speakers. Say what we will, admit what we please, be as progressive and liberal as we can, it remains that women are *not* as original as men and have not the masculine gift of oratory. There are, of course, exceptional women—the four we have named above are among them—but we speak simply of the comparative probabilities of success, and the influence their contemplation may be supposed to exert. It is natural in certain cases to appeal to gallantry or to a sympathy with progress even in behalf of what must ultimately and certainly stand or fall by its own merits; and so far as initiatory encouragement goes, we assert that a woman of little talent has three times the chance of a man of little talent in any public undertaking whatever; but unless women are destined hereafter to become more like men, and therefore less like women, than they have ever yet been, it is irrational to expect that they will acquire those qualities of power, originality, and forensic grasp with which history fails to credit them in the past, but which are essential to their competing as orators with man in the future.

We see no reason, however, why they should not try. If a woman feels that she can write a good lecture, and, having written, that she can deliver it with effect and profit, let her by all means try to do so. And if people find it to their taste, let them by all means enjoy and encourage it. Our doubts apply to the average prudence of such attempts; but to name such women as we have named implies the knowledge that there may be

striking exceptions. Such women as those would not make the mistakes that most of their sex might, in such a direction, be expected to make. They would know well that of all weak things and displeasing things, second-hand knowledge—the repetition of other people's thoughts instead of the thoughts secreted within—is most damaging to any public speaker who is other than a statistician. They would know that to make any mark—to effect aught of good for others or themselves—they must do what they attempt not about as well as, but a great deal better than others. The commonplace or mediocre here is destruction. Mr. Train, with all his eccentricities, is far better than a flaccid, conventional, fairly-educated, so-soish orator, let him discourse of what he may. Train possesses a certain rough originality, and he also possesses wide experience. Hence, as we have said before, he moves men. It is a psychological study to watch his effect—and watch *him* watching his effect—upon an audience. We have never heard Miss Anna Dickinson, and do not know whether she is at all like Mr. Train; but if she is, we can understand the secret of her success. She does something better, stronger, more telling than anybody else in the same line. This is a line, by all accounts, more trenchant than refined, but, after all, we presume the main object in lecturing is not so much to attain any particular ideal for the satisfaction of fastidious souls as to please a general audience. Miss Kate Field, who has lately appeared as a lecturer, under very favorable auspices, in Boston, Brooklyn, and New York, gives promise of excellence, although, as need scarcely be said, in a very different direction. Miss Field is a young lady of considerable culture and refinement, who unites to an earnest mind and an attractive person a keen perception and enjoyment of humor. To the latter qualities, it strikes us, her most genuine success will be ultimately due. We judge, to be sure, by hearing but a single lecture—*Woman in the Lyceum*—which is perhaps to be regarded as but the initiatory or prefatory explanation of the arduous career the *débutante* has undertaken. Now, this lecture is much less strong in logic or in cohesion than in its brilliant display of quick perception and copious humor. The *nexus* is often uncertain if not undistinguishable; the quotations are far too numerous, and the comments upon them not always in the best taste; but the intense appreciation of the laughable, the swiftness and facility with which the absurd side of any given subject is caught and held up, are, when considered as joined to a mien and action unexceptionably ladylike, so rare and so enjoyable as to constitute, in our judgment, the lecturer's most trustworthy points for future success. She has, as is natural, somewhat the air of a novice, her delivery is at times too monotonous, and the drawl with which she gives passages of both fun and pathos occasionally savors of affectation. Moreover, Miss Field's enunciation is too elaborately precise. Too laborious an exactness in speaking as in writing implies that one is straining for an accuracy not usual or to the manner born, and so is foreign to the ideal, in this wise, of well-bred speech or composition. For the rest, the lady has a clear, telling, and musical voice, a highly expressive face, and a courage and earnestness of purpose which deserve hearty recognition. We think Miss Field, in common with others of her sex, is somewhat mistaken in her estimate of the strength and bitterness in the community of the opposition to female lecturers. Her own audiences in the three cities where she has so far appeared have been strong practical arguments against the theory that constitutes the staple of her lecture. She has been received with singular heartiness, more as if she were an old favorite with the public than a new candidate for their favor, and, with a good repertory of lectures and a continuance of the same pluck and spirit with which she has set forth, we believe her theory will be substantially refuted wherever she goes by abundant success. Hence it gives us sincere pleasure to conclude by saying that if she is right and we wrong in the matter, our positions are likely soon to be reversed, as she is very certain to make plenty of proselytes.

THE MAY ANNIVERSARIES.

AMONG the many customs that would be more honored in the breach than in the observance the practice of holding the annual meetings of various religious and other societies during one particular month and almost one particular week in our busy commercial capital takes prominent rank. The custom is doubtless a continuation or imitation of the May meetings for which Exeter Hall in the British metropolis has so long been famous; but the reasons which have made that the most successful arrangement there are totally inapplicable to New York. The Parliamentary session is just at its busiest; Convocation, too, is usually sitting; the Easter festivities are in full swing; London is still full, the migration to the spas, the seaside, and the moors not having yet begun; and all these attract to the great metropolis large numbers of persons on business or pleasure intent. It is easy to obtain for any particular meeting the prestige of aristocratic associations, and live lords and portly bishops, and prominent statesmen and members of Parliament are as plentiful as mushrooms. This gives a certain *éclat* to the anniversaries, brings together large auditories, and is sure to command that prominence in the newspapers without which the meetings would be comparative failures. For, as we understand them, the primary object of these annual gatherings is to secure enlarged means of usefulness by creating an increased interest among the public, and especially the outside public; and no simpler or more effective way of doing this can obviously be found than through the mediumship of the public press.

None of the reasons we have named as favorable to the success of the London May meetings has any existence here. We have no national parliament in session, no great assemblage of church dignitaries, no state legislative assembly, no special festivities or attraction. On the other hand, there are particularly strong objections against holding these annual reunions at this particular time. In the first place, the season for in-door gatherings of all kinds is just at an end. We have all through the winter evenings been so bored and wearied with a succession of lectures and meetings and concerts, and similar necessary evils and nuisances, that all freshness and interest have vanished, and the public appetite has become cloyed and vitiated. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that now that nature is inviting us to out-of-door recreations the lecture-room should have few devotees, and none with any spirit or enthusiasm. Then, again, owing to our senseless custom of moving on May-day, half our city homes are, or are supposed to be, in an unsettled state of renovation and reorganization, peculiarly unfitted to the reception of our "country cousins," to whom we are expected to tender the courtesies and hospitalities of city life. With the painters and paper-hangers and plasterers in full possession of our new residences, with everything topsy-turvy from basement to garret, this otherwise pleasing duty proves disagreeable to all parties, entailing much philosophic endurance on the one side and reiterated apologies for shortcomings on the other, and depriving us of a considerable share of the pleasure we were justified in anticipating. Another objection to holding these anniversaries in the bulk is to be found in the fact that the more important overshadow the lesser; that those are certain to receive the greatest prominence in the public press and in the public mind which happen to touch any of the topics of the hour in a novel or sensational manner. The anniversaries just over have furnished abundant proof of this. What, for instance, is intrinsically more worthy of public support, or appeals more cogently to the refined and gentler feelings of our nature, than such a meeting as that of the Institution of the Blind, held in Steinway Hall? What more interesting and touching sight than the exercises of the pupils? And yet how few comparatively who witnessed them, and how short the notices in the daily papers. There is, no exaggeration in saying that had this meeting been held at some other season more extended accounts of it would have appeared in the local press, and larger numbers of the outside public had their sympathies quickened toward its support. Then the American Bible Society's meeting was so sparsely attended that one of the speakers had to make a halting apology for the fact, and to point out that the absence of the public was no criterion of the immense work of the society. It is, however, a fair test of public appreciation under the circumstances, though here, again, if the meeting were held at a more convenient season, when satiety had not seized upon even its warmest friends, and there were fewer competitors for popular suffrages, the anniversary would be something more than a mere formal ceremony. The operations of this society cover a wide field, its labors in the past would seem to have been very fairly successful, and the various openings which now are offering themselves both at home and abroad, particularly in Italy, Spain, Cuba, and China, ought to stimulate the society to renewed exertions, and the public to increased liberality. The meeting of the Anti-slavery Society was another case in point. Here, too, the attendance was slim and the interest manifested slight—a mere shadow of past importance—though some explanation for this may be found in the fact that the work of the society is virtually over, and slavery being now abolished, the negro must stand or go to the wall entirely on his own merits.

The fourth anniversary of the National Temperance Society would also have profited by the change we have suggested. As it was the large hall of the Cooper Institute was very fairly filled, and the reports, though not so full as this important subject deserves, were yet longer than they would have been had the meeting been delayed a few days. Among the speakers at this anniversary was Dr. Lees, of Meanwood, Leeds, the celebrated English advocate of individual total abstinence in the use of intoxicating drinks, and the suppression of the liquor traffic by legislative enactments. Dr. Lees is the author of the prize essay on this phase of the temperance movement, published by the "United Kingdom Alliance" of Manchester; of several popular standard temperance works, a large number of controversial pamphlets, and various articles in magazines, cyclopædias, and other publications. No man has done more in England to promote the temperance movement and to place it on a sound scientific basis.

The most popular of all the anniversaries was unquestionably that of the "American Equal Rights Association;" and that for several reasons. First of all, most of the speakers were ladies—the great lights of the Woman's Rights movement—which of itself is still a novelty, though women orators, lecturers, and declaimers bid fair to be very shortly prosy commonplaces. Now we invest them with a certain air of poesy and romance, which we shall be somewhat sorry to have rudely dispelled. Yet, judging from the recent discussions of our fair sisters of the equal rights movement, we are free to confess that the presence of woman on the platform is not likely to improve the order and decorum of public meetings. If we are to believe the New York reporters—who do not seem, by the way, to be particular favorites with the ladies—a troop of midnight catawaulers on some lonely house-top could not have made night more hideous than did the wranglers and janglers in Steinway Hall on the 13th inst. The subjects under debate were all live questions—manhood

suffrage, female enfranchisement, free-love, negro emancipation, etc.—and this fact, with the unseemly exhibition which, to put it mildly, the speakers of both sexes and the audience made of themselves, fully accounts for the factitious newspaper notoriety the anniversary received. The whole experience, in short, of the recent meetings justifies us in asserting that some change is urgently needed in our anniversary gatherings in the interest of the many excellent societies whose proceedings and real importance have been snuffed out by juxtaposition with more glaring but less worthy neighbors; and that change should, in our opinion, take the form shadowed forth in our opening remarks—isolated meetings in the early part of the lecture season.

THE BROOKLYN TRAGEDY.

THE epidemic outbreaks of crime in various strata of society are often as unaccountable as they are unexpected. We are all more or less imitative creatures, and deeds of horror exert over many minds a fascinating spell difficult to shake off; but these facts are not sufficient to explain the origin and progress of that wave of crime which now and again sweeps irresistibly through the community. Why do offences abound at this particular season? Why are outrages upon life now so prevalent? At no time in our experience were murders, suicides, and deep-dyed villainies more common than they have been of late. To what feature of our institutions are they to be attributed? Is the cause radical or ephemeral? These questions are certainly of considerable moment, and worthy of the attention of our philanthropists and legislators. Whatever may be the root of these social evils—and every effect, we presume, springs from some actuating cause, if we could only find it—it is evident to the reader of the daily papers that there is abroad a rampant spirit of lawlessness and a shocking irreverence for the sanctity of human life, by no means confined to the lower grades of society.

The late tragedy in Brooklyn is an illustration of this. The circumstances were briefly these: A young business merchant in New York, of gentlemanly and pleasing deportment, and regular in his habits, falls in love, and very naturally, with a young lady a few years his junior, possessing amiable qualities and the charm of personal beauty, who was on a visit to the family in which he resided. The feeling, however, was not reciprocated, and his offer of marriage was declined by her. This was one of those "woman's rights" to which the lady by long prescription was unquestionably entitled. Her conduct in the whole transaction seems to have been entirely blameless. She was neither a flirt nor a coquette, gave her lover no reason at all to apprehend that she entertained for him any warmer sentiments than those of friendship, and her refusal, though firm and intended to be irrevocable, would appear to have been made with that delicate commiseration which a true woman always shows for misplaced affection; so that, no longer lovers, they were at least not enemies, but continued on friendly terms with each other. And now comes the strange and tragic sequel of the story. In the dead of the night, without any provocation or any symptoms of aberration of mind, after the lapse of sufficient time to heal the scars of wounded love, the rejected suitor steals into the young lady's bed-chamber armed with a cloth saturated with morphine and chloroform, which he applies to the face of the sleeper. Being short-sighted and nervous, he bungles so badly over the task and makes so much noise that the lady is aroused, her screams alarm the house, and the baffled intruder retreats to his own room, and arms himself with a five-barrelled revolver. In the search through the house for the supposed burglar which then ensues he coolly takes part, till, watching his opportunity, he quietly slips through a side-door into the room to which the young lady, now all alone, had retired after her fright, and deliberately fires at her. The shot only grazes her temple, inflicting a slight flesh wound. Seeing that it has not taken fatal effect the villain fires again with more accuracy of aim. The young lady is now cowering down in front of the bureau, with her hands spread out to protect her face; the ball strikes one of her wrists, is deflected upward by the bone, and, passing out on the opposite side, lodges in the ceiling of the room. Under the impression that the wound is fatal, the assassin once more retreats to his apartment, where he is soon after found lying dead on the floor with his brains blown out.

Such are the simple unvarnished details of this sad affair. Our first feeling on reading them is one of satisfaction that the young lady passed comparatively unscathed through so trying an ordeal. Whether we regard the probable violation of her chastity or [the after attempt upon her life, it is a matter of congratulation that both signally failed. Our next impression is—and charity would fain suppose that it is the true one—that none but a madman could be guilty of the dastardly outrage of stupefying a woman in order to gratify lust. Without claiming for our young men any high degree of morality, there is certainly too much manliness and honor among them, and, with all their faults, too deep a respect for the fairer sex engrafted in their natures, to permit even passion to degrade them by anything so despicable as that. Yet, after weighing over the reports of the case and the numerous theories that have been advanced, we cannot shake off the conviction that Samuel D. Talbot entered the chamber of Miss Lizzie Scribner other than as the slave of unbridled lust. No insane person would purchase morphine and chloroform for modern love philtres, or attempt to stifle a woman while asleep through their agency. The properties of the drugs would have to be known, the quantity to accomplish the desired object carefully

considered, the possibilities of gaining undisturbed access to the intended victim all accurately calculated; and this involves too much logic, too much method, for a madman. The natural inference is—and all the circumstances seem to corroborate it—that young Talbot, beneath a calm exterior, cherished a bitter revenge for his slighted love; that under the influence of the basest passions this feeling took a shape of unheard-of malignity; that foiled in his plans and his baseness thoroughly exposed, in sheer desperation he attempted to murder his victim, and afterward committed suicide.

The picture is a painful and revolting one—one, happily for our common humanity, exceedingly rare; and if we are rudely startled by its horrid ghastliness, its moral will not be altogether thrown away if it lead, even indirectly, to any honest effort to eradicate those seeds of social crime which, when neglected, produce such bitter fruit.

THE ALABAMA.

THOSE cynics who delight in the blunders and perplexities of their fellow-mortals, and are happiest when the greatest number of people are mixed up in an inextricable mess, rarely have so sweet a morsel offered them as the *Alabama* business proves to be. It is a "muddle" all round. In the first place, the British ministry either did or did not desire that the *Alabama* should escape from England. If they did not, their negligence was so gross that it amounted to stupidity. If they did, they were nearly as stupid, for their artifice was so shallow that it could deceive no one. As to the bulk of the English people, or such portions of the English people as have any share in the administration of government and the formation of public opinion, they evidently had the vaguest possible idea of the grave responsibilities which they were incurring.

The Confederates were arrogantly jubilant over performances which injured themselves more than any other party concerned. Their privateers could bring them neither pecuniary aid nor military prestige. As a means of compelling the North to acknowledge Southern independence they were worse than useless. One thing they could and did do: they exasperated the North and led to reprisals on land. Many a picturesque mansion and curious library owed its fate to the ocean beacons lighted by the *Alabama*. Not that her officers need be supposed to have troubled themselves with, or to have been capable of deep political calculations. Semmes was merely a vulgar freebooter, come into the world a century too late, who collected chronometers on the high seas as he might have collected spoons on land under slightly different circumstances. Some of his subordinates were mere lads, who went into the affair with about as serious a sense of its consequences as the school-boy has who runs off to sea after reading the *Pirate's Own Book*.

And now for ourselves. That we should at the time feel much indignation against these impudent privateers, and still more against England, was only natural; but our anger went to some unreasonable lengths. After all, the men were not pirates. We could not make them out to be such by any international law; we dared not take the responsibility of hanging them if captured. Under these circumstances it was weak to insist on calling them pirates, and supremely silly to make it an unpardonable offence if any citizen spoke of them as privateers. Still, these exuberances might pass in time of war, for war is itself anything but a logical proceeding, and must always involve much paradox and absurdity. But our recent conduct is even more open to criticism. We have virtually rejected all settlement of the difficulty; we decline the natural alternative, a war with England, as too costly a luxury; and we therefore resolve to keep the account open until we can pay ourselves whenever England may be entangled in a perilous war. Analogous conduct in a private individual would be petty enough; on the part of a great nation such littleness is positively disgraceful.

One of the most aggravating incidents in a bundle of blunders like this is, that persons are involved in the evil consequences of the business who not only took no part in promoting it, but did their best either to prevent it beforehand or to patch it up afterwards. Lord Stanley is a striking example. We don't know if his lordship would feel obliged to us for pitying him, but he really seems to us an object of compassion and sympathy. He was one of the very few prominent men in England who were not seduced by any of the prevalent *idola* into committing himself during the war. On assuming office he devoted all his capacity, industry, coolness, and self-command (and few living men possess more of these qualities) to arranging the *Alabama* difficulty. He apparently flattered himself—certainly his friends and the English public flattered themselves—that he had arranged it. Suddenly it turns out that nothing at all was settled, and the whole laboriously-built diplomatic fabric tumbles in like a house of cards.

'Tis an ill wind that blows nobody good. Commodore Winslow and his crew made something out of the *Alabama*. For the rest it has been "all a muddle."

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

LATIN ADJECTIVES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: Your correspondent, "Θ Δ," is a man whom one cannot encounter except at the risk of personal offence. Of him it can hardly be said that learning

"emollit mores;" and certainly he fails to justify the remainder of the poet's line, "nec sinit esse feros." But I shall not allow his manner of disputation to deter me from some remarks upon his characteristic reply to my pupil's boyish "shy" at him on the subject of Latin adjectives in *bilis*, for the Latinity of which I am in a measure responsible. Of the seven adjectives, *culpabilis*, *amicabilis*, *mensurabilis*, *pestibilis*, *venibilis*, *favorabilis*, and *rationalis*, he sets aside the third, fourth, and fifth as barbarisms. This is a very easy way of getting round stubborn and irremovable facts. The question is not as to the rank of the authors who used those words, but whether the words are Latin; and an assumption that nothing is Latin but that which can be found in the writings of authors of the Augustan and post-Augustan eras, seems to me one of the most arrogant pretensions of pedantry. It limits the Latin language to an existence of about sixty years! It reduces the literature of a great people that flourished for centuries to the productions that appeared in the course of an ordinary lifetime. Whatever was not acceptable to "the fastidious refinement of the Augustan age" at a period after that when Nævius, whom Cicero himself lauded as a model of pure elocution, said,

"Obliiti sunt Romani loquii Latina lingua,"

is brushed aside, not as non-Augustan, but as not Latin! This is as if words unknown to the Elizabethan poets and the Queen Anne essayists should be stigmatized as not English, or as barbarous English. It seems to me that the Latin language existed in various stages of development until the disintegration of its etymology and its syntax after the fifth century, consequent upon the irruptions of the Gothic peoples. So much for this pretence; but I shall nevertheless insist upon these three adjectives. Two others, *favorabilis* and *rationalis*, are got rid of by "Θ Δ" on the bold assumption that they *must have been* formed upon supposed verbal bases. He says: "In precisely the same way as *honorabilis* presupposes a verb *honoro*, do *favorabilis* and *rationalis* presuppose *favoro* and *ratio*"—two verbs unknown to the Latin language at any stage of its existence! "These verbs," as "Θ Δ" himself naïvely says, "did not come into use." In fact there were no such verbs; but, nevertheless, we are to suppose that they did exist, and then *favorabilis* and *rationalis* must have been founded upon them. As cool a begging of the question this as I have ever met with! But with no other remark I pass by these examples also, and bring the following "classical" adjectives in *bilis* to the attention of your correspondent, who will doubtless find some way of setting them at naught, although he has said that "in every case the termination *bilis* is affixed to a verbal and not to a noun base."

Exitiabilis, harmful, destructive, used by Cicero in his tenth epistle to Atticus, "bellum terra ac mari comparat . . . suis tamen civibus exitiabile." Now *exitiabilis* is formed upon *exitium*, not directly upon *exeo*. True, it is connected with *exeo*; but so it is with *eo*, and in fact with *equ*. *Exeo* gives *exitum*, not *exitium*, which is the base of *exitiabilis*.—*Perniciabilis*, pernicious, used by Tacitus:

"Accusabant Satrius Secundus et Pinnarius Natta Sejani Clientes: id perniciose reo," etc.—*Ann.* iv. 32.

Perniciabilis is formed upon *perniciēs*, the base of which is not traceable in the inflections of *perneco*, a non-Augustan, "barbarous," and almost unknown verb. True enough, *perniciēs* is itself connected with the verb *neco*; but so it is with *nex*, and even, probably, with *vēvex*.—*Serrabilis*, that may be sawed, used by Pliny the Elder:

"Serrabilia ac scetilia quæ modice humida: arida enim lentius serræ cedunt," etc.—*Nat. Hist.* xvi. 83.

Serrabilis is formed upon *serra*, upon which itself there was a verb *serro* formed long after Pliny's day—a "barbarous" verb, which is unknown before the sixth century. Reason points to these etymologies, which are supported by the Riddle-Freund lexicon; but perhaps "Θ Δ" will set Freund and Riddle aside, too, with the remark that they "are misleading on this point."—My next two examples are from such early writers that they may also be pronounced barbarous by some persons, although the first is from a poet who occupied the same position in regard to the Latin tongue that Dante does to the Italian. *Adolabilis*, used by Ennius:

"Huic est amicus propitiabilis ita et adolabilis,"

In the lexicon of Facciolatus and Forcellinus, *adolabilis* is rendered "sine dolore." But it seems to me that the sense of the passage, and particularly the adjective *propitiabilis*, point to *dolus* with the privative particle as the base of *adolabilis*, which in that case means "without deceit, frank": and this interpretation, "sine dolo," I find given to the word in Lubin's interesting *Antiquarius*.—*Æternabilis*, enduring, everlasting, used by Accius:

"Æternabilem divitiarum partissent."

This adjective is based upon another adjective, *æternus*, according to all authorities, including the *Antiquarius*. And it is to be remarked that a verb *æterno*, also derived from *æternus*, did not appear until two centuries after the time of Accius, and then with the sense, to make eternal, to immortalize:

"Quæ cura virtutes in ævum æternet?"—*Hor. Carm.* xiv.

As to *amicabilis*, also "classical," "Θ Δ" might better claim *amo* than *amico* as its base; that he could not so derive it would be little matter to such an intrepid etymologist. *Amico* is itself derived from *amicus*, and is not only a "very rare" word, but belongs to that non-Augustan Latin which he sets aside as not being Latin at all. It occurs in the *Thebais* of Statius, "prece numen amicat"—*amicat*, "he makes friends," a poor verb; *amicus* turned into a transitive verb! It would seem plain that *amicabilis* could not have as its base, even by supposition or assumption, *amico*, a verb which means to win friendship, a sense not conveyed by *amicabilis*, which is merely an adjectival form of *amicus*, and means friendly. And the lexicon of Facciolatus and Forcellini gives *amicus* as its base. But that must be a trifle to "Θ Δ," who can blow it away with the word "misleading"; for only "Θ Δ" can lead aright.

But for all this I care little. I may be right and may be wrong. Whether the Latins did or did not ever form a few adjectives in *bilis* upon nouns, is a matter that "unius assis æstimo." I shall not trouble you, sir, again on this subject, and I should not have done so once, were it not for the occasion which it gives me to speak of the manner in which this correspondent of yours treats those who happen to utter opinions that are erroneous—in his judgment. Not content with asserting and maintaining opposite opinions, which it is his perfect right to do, with all the earnestness and ability that he can put into his censorship, he scouts and flouts, and sneers and jeers not only the opinions of his opponents,

but themselves. He is not satisfied without saying something personally offensive, individually derogative of them, because they presume to hold opinions which he regards as erroneous, or to make assertions which in his judgment are not well founded. He began by sneering at "J. B." upon the question of *stand-point*, and he continued to sneer at him. He attacked Mr. Grant White in the style of a tutor rating a boy who had "fished" his exercise and blundered in copying it. And now, not content with showing—to his own satisfaction—that I was wrong about the seven adjectives in *bilis*, which was all that the interests of scholarship demanded, he must gratify his propensity to abuse, his desire to say something personally offensive and injurious, by saying that my "strong point is evidently not Latin etymology" (I don't pretend that it is), that "any person knowing anything of etymology" must think as he does, that I "do not know the difference between one kind of base and another any more than between good and barbarous Latin," that he "pities the poor boys under my tuition," and that I seem "not to know of the existence of *culpo*." What an insulting and needless thing to say of a man whose profession it is to teach language, although in a humble way—a word which one can't read Ovid or almost any Latin author without meeting, which of necessity lies in a lexicon within a line or two of *culpabilis*, and which is found in a well-known passage of Horace, "laudatur ab his, culpatur ab illis," in a connection that may comfort those who are either praised or blamed by "Θ Δ." True, "J. B." seems to be pretty well able to take care of himself, and Mr. Grant White can afford to disregard such assaults, and even I may be able to bear them, although, wrong or right, I claim other treatment than that due to a presuming ignoramus. But these attacks are not therefore the less objectionable on their own account, nor the less injurious to the cause of scholarship, which is served by discussion of literary questions upon their own merits in such a generous spirit that no scholar, however humble, shall be deterred from entering upon it. "Θ Δ," on the contrary, seems to think that it should be made as unpleasant as possible. If he does not seek to give offence to, he succeeds in offending, every person with whom he has a discussion; and yet more, he professes open scorn for the whole body of teachers and men of letters "in this country." I am not the first who has had reason to rebuke him for this arrogance and insolence. To his virulent attack (in which he said among other absurd things that Mr. Grant White knows no more of English than he confessed he does of Sanskrit), that gentleman replied in a vein of pleasantry, the good-nature and the unassuming scholarship of which were such that "Θ Δ" might with a good grace have kept quiet thereafter. But he replied in a manner more offensive to that gentleman's friends (among whom I am), if not to himself, than his first attack—insinuating that his intended victim had not told the truth in his explanation of one point, and threatening him with "being after him" again. I do not intend to set myself up as Mr. White's champion. On the contrary, notwithstanding my regard for him and my gratitude for what he has done for the cause of sound criticism and higher literature in this country—unpaying task—I do not yield my judgment to his; I am guilty of saying *reliable*, *stand-point*, and sometimes, when I can't well avoid it, even *being done*. Upon some points—the derivation of *engrave*, for instance—I think that he is probably wrong, and "Θ Δ" right. But I cannot see in that any justification for the insulting tone of the latter's strictures upon him, to say nothing of "J. B." and myself. And such a manner is particularly out of place toward Mr. White, who, although sometimes sharp in his criticism, has won the reputation of being notably courteous and considerate to his opponents. The bitterness and sharp personalities of Shakespearean editors and commentators are famous. But throughout the twelve volumes of his edition he has not been provoked once into asperity or a fling at an opponent, if I can trust my memory. And even in the discussion of the famous Collier folio, the untrustworthy character of which he thoroughly exposed in articles in *Putnam's Magazine*, the conclusions of which were confirmed years afterward by the scientific examination of the volume in the British Museum; and in his summing up of the case after that examination, although he made it clear that Mr. Collier had been lamentably and unaccountably weak, or guilty of an imposture, he did so as the indirect consequence of his arguments, and without applying one offensive epithet, making one offensive charge, or one disrespectful insinuation. He won praise no less by the manner of his conduct of that controversy than by its effectiveness. In this respect his example might be well followed by the man who by his attacks on him, and on others, has given occasion for this communication, and against whose style of controversy I beg leave to protest, as being in violation of good manners and injurious to the cause of good scholarship.

Yours respectfully,

BACCALAUREUS.

MANSFIELD ACADEMY, Brooklyn, April 22, 1869.

MORE LIGHT ON A DARK SUBJECT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: As another contribution to the so-called phenomena of spiritualism, the following abstract of a paper recently read by Mr. Jenchen, a well-known London barrister, before a committee appointed by the Dialectical Society to investigate spiritual manifestations, may not prove uninteresting to your readers.

Speaking of the remarkable levitations or floating in the air of the mediums, Mr. Jenchen said: "These levitations you will find recorded as having occurred as far back as the year 1347, and another instance took place in the year 1697. Goethe refers to this wonderful phenomenon in his life of Phillipinari. The levitations of Mr. Home are so well known that I need not more than allude to them. Upwards of 100 levitations have taken place during his lifetime, of which the most remarkable are the carrying of his body out of one window of the third floor at Ashley House into an adjoining window, and the lifting of his body, raised three or four feet off the ground at Adare Manor for twenty or thirty yards. As regards the lifting of heavy bodies I can myself testify; I have seen the semi-grand at my house raised horizontally eighteen inches off the ground, and kept suspended in space two or three minutes. I have also witnessed a square table lifted one foot off the ground, no one touching it or being near it, a friend present seated on the carpet, and watching the phenomena all the time. I have seen a table lifted clear over head six feet off the ground; but what is more remarkable I have seen an accordion suspended in space for ten or twenty minutes, and played by an invisible agency. The second group of phenomena is that of the producing of raps or knocks, to which, no doubt, the tradition of the Poltergeisters owes its origin. Thousands in this town have heard them and re-

* Elhardi Lubini Antiquarius, sive prisorum et minus usitatorum vocabulorum, brevis ac dilucida interpretatio. Amsterdam, 1594.

ceived messages spelt out by these means, the well-known alphabetical method being usually employed. I have known messages spelt out by the tilting of a semi-grand piano, accompanied by loud raps, no one at the time being in contact or within several feet of the instrument. The third group of phenomena includes the uttering of words and sentences, sounding of music, singing, etc. These sounds have been produced without any visible agency being present. Thus at Great Malvern, at the house of Dr. Gully, I heard three voices chanting a hymn, accompanied by music played on an accordion suspended in space, eight or nine feet off the ground. At the passing away of an old servant of our household, a strain of solemn music was heard by the nurse and servants in the room of the dying woman; the music lasted fully twenty minutes. The fourth group includes the playing on musical instruments, the drawing of figures, flowers, and writing by direct spiritual unseen agency. Of these facts innumerable instances are on record, and I mention the books of Mr. B. Coleman and Baron Guldenstube as valuable publications upon this phase of spiritual phenomena. These phenomena are of frequent occurrence. The following are more rarely exhibited: The fire-test I have seen several times; I have seen Lord Adare hold in the palm of his hand a burning live coal, which Mr. Home had placed there so hot that the mere momentary contact with my finger caused a burn. At Mr. S. C. Hall's a large lump of burning coal was placed on his head by Mr. Home; and only a few days since a metal bell, heated to redness in the fire, was placed on a lady's hand without causing injury. I have seen Mr. Home place his face into the flames of the grate, the flame points penetrating through his hair, without any injury being sustained. The next class of phenomena are those extraordinary elongations of the medium's body. I have witnessed the elongation and shortening of Mr. Home's person many times, and at Mr. S. C. Hall's, about three months ago, Mr. Home and Miss Bertolacci were simultaneously elongated."

Mr. Jenchen described various other phenomena, such as the suspension of fluids in space, and the appearance of spirit hands and forms, which have been both seen and felt by himself. These are certainly strange, if true, and scarcely to be explained away on the deceptive theory advanced by Mr. Abbott. More light is doubtless still needed.

I am yours, etc.,

X. Y. Z.

SUMMARY OF THE WEEK.

HOME AFFAIRS.

BROOKLYN, the "City of Churches," usually very free from deeds of violence, was on the 13th inst. the scene of a fearful tragedy. Mr. Samuel D. Talbot, a young New York dry-goods commission merchant, residing in the house of Mr. Benjamin Flint, Montagu Terrace, had been paying special attentions to Miss Lizzie Scribner, a young lady of twenty, residing in the same house and sister of Mrs. Flint; had proposed to her and been refused. Late in the evening of the 15th he entered the bedroom of Miss Scribner, and tried to render her insensible by applying to her face a towel saturated with chloroform. The noise he made awoke the young lady, whose screams speedily alarmed the house, and Talbot withdrew, the young lady at the same time taking refuge in Mrs. Flint's apartment. While the rest of the inmates were searching for the strange man in the house, Talbot came into the room where Miss Scribner was and fired at her twice with a revolver, the first shot slightly grazing her temple, and the second wounding one of her hands held up to protect her face. He then rushed up to his own room and blew out his brains. Miss Scribner's wounds are fortunately not serious. Talbot was considered a young man of refined, gentlemanly manners and blameless reputation.—Michael and Mary King have been committed to jail at Elmira, N. Y., charged with killing a little orphan boy living with them by unheard-of cruelties.—Miss Cairnes, who shot McComas at Jarrettsville, Md., was acquitted by the jury.—Rosa Peters, of New York, having had a quarrel with her husband, set fire to their room to spite him, but called for help as the flames grew hot. She was indicted for arson and sent for a year to the penitentiary.—In an encounter with river pirates who were stealing iron from the Morris and Essex dock, at Hoboken, N. J., on the 14th, two of the robbers were shot and one man supposed to be drowned.—Thomas Hall, a doorman in a New York police-station, attempted to commit suicide on the 9th by swallowing an ounce of laudanum. Hall had been of late considerably depressed in spirits, and occasionally addicted to fits of intemperance.—Hudson City was the scene of a riot on the 8th between English miners and Irish laborers; several persons were injured by shooting and otherwise, one or two fatally.—In an altercation at New Haven, Conn., on the 9th, George McNeeny stabbed Peter Ellinger in the abdomen and side, and on Louis Bush, a friend of the latter, interfering, stabbed him also, cutting his heart in two, and causing instant death.—On the 9th, at Atlanta, Ga., John Henry Fay, formerly of New York, shot his negro mistress for wishing to separate from him, and afterward shot himself twice, saying: "I have shot myself, come and kiss me; I am dying." Fay is dead, but the lady is expected to recover.—Mrs. Ann Golden, arrested in Brooklyn, L. I., for drunkenness, tried to hang herself with her shawl in her cell, during a supposed fit of temporary insanity.—A band of Texan desperadoes, with twelve hundred head of stolen cattle, were recently surprised on the Wachita River, near Fort Cobb, two hundred miles from where the theft was committed, by the owners of the stock, and one of the thieves shot.—Twenty thousand dollars in cash and bonds was stolen from the County National Bank at Clearfield, Pa., on the 12th, the vault having been chiselled into, and the burglar-proof safe broken open.—Two horse thieves were hanged by a mob recently at Jamestown, Ky.; a third managed to escape with the halter round his neck.

A bodied whiskey warehouse fell at South Pittsburg, Pa., on the 14th, burying three men in the ruins, injuring one fatally and two severely.—The schooner *D. B. Webb*, from Porto Rico to Providence, R. I., was struck off Cape Hatteras, on the 3d, by lightning, which shattered the mainmast, split the mainmast, and instantly killed one of the crew.—The steam-tug *Joseph Baker* exploded in New York Bay while towing a bark out to sea, and her crew of five persons were blown overboard. Beyond severe scalds, they did not, however, sustain further injury.—Miss Bailey, the actress, who accidentally stabbed herself while playing Juliet at Buffalo, is recovering.—At Springfield, Mass., on the

12th, Pfau, the Russian athlete, fell headlong to the floor, while performing on the trapeze, seriously but not dangerously injuring himself.—At Memphis, on the 8th, a party of rich Germans were upset in a small steamboat on the Mississippi, and five of them drowned.—The boiler of a dummy engine on the Coney Island Railroad exploded on the 16th, scattering fragments of iron and a shower of hot water to a great distance. The engineer and two firemen were badly scalded and bruised, but none of the passengers were injured.

An extensive fire broke out in Cincinnati on the 12th, at the landing of the New Orleans and Memphis packet companies, which originated in the upsetting of a coal-oil lamp on board the steamboat *Clifton*. Six steamboats were soon enveloped in flames and completely destroyed. The total loss is put down at \$235,000.—A block was burnt down in McKeesport, near Pittsburg, Pa., on the 8th; loss \$60,000.—The origin of the fire at the American Whip Co.'s factory, Westfield, Mass., on the 7th, has been traced to rats gnawing matches.—The Murray Silk Mill and eleven dwelling houses were burnt down at Paterson, N. J., on the 10th, in one of the largest fires ever known in that city. One of the mill hands, Benjamin Garside, a youth of 18, had a narrow escape, and only saved himself by jumping on to the roof of a building nearly twenty-five feet below, and at least fifteen feet off. The total value of property destroyed will reach \$250,000.—A destructive fire broke out on the 10th, in a hat and cap manufactory on Broadway, New York; damage \$75,000.—Burbank's block, in Pittsfield, Mass., was destroyed by fire on the 11th. Loss, \$35,000.—The Turner Opera House, in Dayton, Ohio, with several adjoining stores and residences, was burnt down by an incendiary fire on the 16th. One man was caught by a falling wall and perished in the ruins. Loss of property estimated at \$800,000.

Contrary to anticipations, the strike in the coal regions of Pennsylvania began on the 10th, and work is entirely suspended in the Lehigh, Schuylkill, and other districts. Nearly twenty thousand miners are now out. The movement is said to be in the interests of the dealers, to secure an advance of present prices.—The brickmakers along the Hudson have also struck for higher wages.

A verdict of \$4,357 has been given against the Portland and Kennebec Railroad Co., in favor of the administrator of Mr. Nathan Webb. Mr. Webb originally brought suit to recover \$10,000 for injuries received by being struck by an engine of the company while crossing the track in his "jigger," but died before it was decided.

A novel race between Walter Brown on a velocipede and the horse *John Stewart* came off at Riverside Park, Boston, on the 11th; Brown to go five miles and the horse, in harness, ten. The velocipede proved the winner, completing the distance in twenty-six minutes and twenty seconds.

At Richmond, Va., on the 13th, in a suit before Chief-Justice Chase, against the United States Marshal of the District, to recover funds transferred to the Confederate government in 1861, the defendant successfully pleaded the statute of limitations.

A lady in Cincinnati, suffering from the terrible disease of hydrophobia, is reported to have obtained considerable relief from a "madstone," which is described as oval in form, about an inch long and half an inch broad, and resembling in color a Californian diamond. Strange stories are told of the curative powers of the little mineral fragment.

After a fortnight of exciting play, the billiard tournament at Irving Hall, New York, closed on the 10th inst. The champion cue, worth about \$850, was won by Deery, of New York, and the second prize, a purse of \$350 and a share of the net receipts, by Rudolph, of Chicago.—The first prize in the Massachusetts tournament was won by Wilmarth.

In the Southern District of the Indian Territory there is much dissatisfaction among the natives in consequence of the failure of the government agents to furnish supplies. Hostilities are expected to be renewed at an early day.

A recent westerly gale at the mouth of the Mississippi swept away the out-buildings of the light-house at Southwest Pass, destroyed the boats, and inundated the lower floor of the light-keeper's dwelling.

The tariff of the Atlantic Cable will be reduced on the 1st proximo to \$1 per word, including address, date, and signature; no messages to be sent under \$10. A reduction will probably be made of fifty per cent. on political and general news.

The liquor question is causing some excitement in Boston. The licenses of dealers recently expired and no new ones have been issued, but they continue their sales in spite of the state constable's notification to desist.

In the Court of Common Pleas, on the 13th, an oil firm at Pittsburg obtained a verdict of \$10,000 against the United States Telegraph Company, for non-transmission of a business telegram.

The President has issued a proclamation fixing July 6, 1869, for submitting the Virginia constitution to the people.

The new whipping-post at Newcastle, Del., was inaugurated on the 16th by the pillorying of three men and the flogging of ten others.

A fierce hurricane swept over Chicago on the 13th, committing considerable damage both on the lake and on land.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THE most important contest yet fought in Cuba took place at Las Minas, on the 3d, between Spanish troops, 1,200 strong, under General Lesca, and the patriots, under Quesada. One report says, before the fighting commenced Quesada posted the native Cubans in front, protected by entrenchments, and placed a force of 400 Dominican and American volunteers in their rear, with orders to fire upon them if they ran. Thus placed between two fires, the Cubans fought with desperation. The Spaniards attacked the entrenchments three times with the bayonet. The two first assaults were repulsed by the Cubans; the third was very determined and severe, and the Cubans began to waver, when Quesada ordered the rear guard to the front. They advanced, driving the Cubans into the front ranks of the enemy. A hand-to-hand combat ensued, in which the butchery was horrible. The Spaniards finally gave way and retreated, but in good order. After the fight Quesada marched to San Miguel, and burned the town in sight of the retreating Spaniards. It is generally believed that the revolutionary leaders have changed their policy in the field, and in future will fight instead of retreating to the mountains on the appearance of any considerable force of government troops. It is rumored that an engagement has taken place between Valmaseda and Cespedes, but nothing definite appears to be known.

Advices from Washington state that the *Grapeshot*, which recently sailed from Florida, is fitting out in a Southern port for Cuba, and that instructions have been given to keep a watch on the *Quaker City* at New York. The recent accounts of engagements are considered untrustworthy, the fighting, according to impartial correspondents, having been insignificant. Under date of the 6th Admiral Hoff reports active operations suspended by the setting in of the rainy season, and the Spanish authorities confident of shortly suppressing the rebellion, an opinion shared by our consul-general and the commodore of the English fleet.

The report of a new European alliance, offensive and defensive, between England, France, and Spain, against this country caused some excitement here on the 12th, and was pretty freely discussed in all quarters, the general opinion being that the telegram was a canard to affect the money market. The London press is still discussing the *Alabama* question, and the feeling appears to be slowly but widely gaining ground that no further concessions can be made without sullying the national honor.—Mr. Reverdy Johnson took his final leave of the Queen on the 13th.—The Tories are harassing the government by demanding an avowal of its policy on the Irish land question.—The Irish Church bill will come up for its third reading on the 31st inst.—The Mayor of Cork has resigned.—The remains of Daniel O'Connell were reinterred at Glasnevin, near Dublin, on the 14th. The imposing ceremonies were conducted by Archbishop Cullen, and great crowds followed the remains to the splendid mausoleum built for their reception.—William Clasper, one of the celebrated rowing crew, was drowned in the Tyne, April 24, at the age of sixty.—A shocking accident occurred April 21, at a large slate quarry in Cornwall. The quarry is in the form of an immense pit and one of the poppet-heads or framework overhanging the mouth, used for raising the slate and refuse, fell in with a fearful crash which could be heard for miles. Ten persons were killed and many others seriously wounded. Some miraculous escapes are reported. One little girl fell with her father into the pit, a distance of about 400 feet, yet she received little or no injury. A woman was on the head when it gave way, but was standing just where the ground opened, and saved herself by climbing up the falling rubbish. One man after being buried thirteen hours was dug out alive.—Two young Englishmen, a retired officer and his brother, have been disgracing themselves at Stuttgart, by painting the statue of the late king on the Schloss Platz, and the two weeping female figures which flank it, in all the colors of the rainbow, and crowning them with crockery ware.—The York Spring Meeting began on the 11th; the great Northern Handicap, the principal race, was won by *Ploughboy*. The Doncaster Spring Meeting began on the 13th.—Hon. John Jay reached London on the 12th, en route to Vienna.

The body of Ensign Whitaker, who was killed by young Chaloner, has been embalmed and sent to England.—The banking policy of the Canadian government—its main features copied from the national bank system of the United States—provides for a general extinction of bank currency after July, 1871. The bank charters will be renewed for ten years, government to pay the interest on the bonds deposited for note circulation, and the banks to keep twenty per cent. in gold for the redemption of their notes, which will be legal tender, and not subject to discount.—Resolutions have been introduced into the Nova Scotian House of Assembly demanding increased subsidies; increased representation for the Provinces in the House of Commons; a modification of the existing arrangements affecting the taxation, trade, and fisheries of Nova Scotia; and that no settlement of the questions involved in the passage of the Act of Confederation should be considered final until they had been submitted for the approval of the people.—A rumor was current in Montreal that England was considering the advisability of relinquishing all her colonies except India.—After three days' balloting, the Episcopal Synod and House of Bishops have chosen Rev. Ashley Oxenden, Rector of Pluckley, Kent, England, Bishop of Montreal and Metropolitan of Canada.

Paris is agitated with the elections. Several meetings have been dispersed and many arrests made. The authorities are taking precautions to prevent disorder, and have issued a placard declaring that the renewal of turbulent assemblages and demonstrations will not be tolerated. Our new minister to France reached Paris on the 14th inst.

Sir John Crampton, British minister at Madrid, has asked to be recalled. General Prim approves of a regency under Serrano. The future form of government is still under discussion in the Cortes.

Lopez, with 9,000 men, occupies a strong position in the interior, which the allies are preparing to attack.

The revolution in Sinaloa and Guerrero is at an end. The idea of a protectorate by the United States causes much excitement among the Mexicans.

Menabrea, the Italian prime minister, has resigned in favor of Digny.

REVIEWS.

All books designed for review in the ROUND TABLE must be sent to this office.

JOHN KEBLE.*

FEW names in English literature have been more highly honored or more influential with the religious public for two generations than that which stands at the head of this review. This honor and influence are worth commenting on. Keble was not in some respects a prominent man. He never held any church dignity above that of priest. He did not speak upon any platform more than once in his life. He took no active part in religious affairs, but lived in retirement. He was no higher in public station than thousands of men in England in the same profession. Yet one cannot open any volume of religious essays without finding scattered gems of poetry taken from *The Christian Year*. One can seldom enter the homes of religious people of any culture without finding that volume on the library shelf. One cannot meet a thorough Churchman who does not hold the religious opinions of Keble in high esteem; and in all the steps by which the Catholic doctrines of the ancient Church have been revived in the English communion there is not to be found, perhaps, a more influential name. Thus Keble has gained with the general religious public as a sacred poet, and in his own communion as an ecclesiastical guide, against odds of position which

usually bar men from influence, the first, or nearly the first rank. He had confessedly great abilities, but these were held in check by such a humble and retiring spirit, such genuine modesty and diffidence, that the chances were altogether against him. The story, therefore, which Sir J. T. Coleridge, his life-long and intimate friend, has told us is a most triumphant record of how a man by pure saintliness, and ability of the highest order, won his way to a select and high position in our literature.

The story itself has a simplicity quite in keeping with the subject. Keble's letters, which are full of delicate and kindly feeling, are very freely introduced, and the author, if, perhaps, indulging too often in an old gentleman's fondness for detail, has nevertheless said what we are all glad to read. Sir John, too, regrets that the important letters which had passed between the poet and his friend, Richard Hurrell Froude, had disappeared and could not be found, though a rigid search had been instituted; but these have unexpectedly been discovered since the publication of this volume. The book is a little wearisome from the unvarying goodness of the hero. It is said that the late Theodore Parker exulted when he discovered that George Washington once used an oath. One is apt to feel that John Keble was a man of almost too unvarying sweetness of character, and that in actual life he must have been tame and commonplace like the rest of us. Yet, after going over the present volume very carefully, and missing in it much which we hoped to find, we cannot help feeling very thankful that it was written. Had the writer repressed some of those personal details which are often mere repetition, and gone more largely into the history of the English Church during the time of Keble's most active share in its life, we should have held the volume more highly.

The main value of this book to American readers is twofold—its revelation of Keble's share in the Catholic movement of 1833, and its exhibition of the growth of *The Christian Year*. To many the picture of Keble as a parish priest, and the story of his inner life, that life which has breathed out its most holy feelings in poetry, will have the first importance, and, in this respect, the memoir leaves nothing to be desired.

The rise of what is miscalled Ritualism has given a new and general interest to the questions which were most earnestly debated in Keble's time. There are few who do not know something of Puseyism, and the publication of Newman's *Apologia*, together with Dr. Pusey's *Eirenicon*, has lent a keen present interest to all these questions. This memoir gives Keble's share in that great movement in England which has had such influence in reviving Church principles and calling forth hearty work among all classes of Christians. His share in this is a clear statement of his theological position. He was what would be called a High-Church divine. He was more. He was a Catholic in the sense in which the whole Church was Catholic before the division between the East and the West. He judged present questions by the standard of the early Church. In this Keble was right; and he was most sensitive in regard to encroachments of the state upon the rights of the Church, as in the case of the judgment upon the seven essayists; but he carried this too far when he became a grumbler about every movement for change or reform, whether in religion or education. In a spirit of strict impartiality Sir J. T. Coleridge shows this in the late changes in the administration of the University of Oxford. In all his theological sympathies he was an exceedingly narrow man. Had it not been for his wonderful charity of heart, he would have been a bigot of the purest dye. In all his memoir there is mention of hardly any of the great names in modern literature. Keble had no taste for philosophy. He was not a wide reader of poetry. He took but little interest in general subjects. Poetry and ecclesiastical literature, within a certain range, were his chief occupation, aside from his duties to his holy calling and to his relatives and friends. He did much as a theological writer which his poetical reputation has obscured. It was something to have rightly edited Hooker, and to have written the ablest treatise in the language on the Holy Communion. It was something to have been almost the first of recent divines to have revised Catholic doctrines which a dreary Hanoverian age had well nigh put out of memory. We must be thankful for what Keble was and not be impatient for what he was not. Few men ever stood firmer on their own ground.

Keble's part in the Tractarian movement, in company with Newman and Pusey, has an intense interest for any one who cares to understand some of the most marked changes in recent ecclesiastical history. By the confession of Newman himself, it was begun by Keble; yet Newman and Pusey, with others, had a large share in carrying it on. These tracts soon made themselves felt in England and in this country. They were read by many outside the Anglican communion. They went on till they had reached their ninetieth number. Then the feeling against the views put forth and their supposed sympathy with Roman Catholic teaching was so great that the whole strength of the Protestant party was put forth, and Newman was silenced without a trial. In due time Tract 90 was informally condemned, and Newman, after great searchings of heart, entered the Roman fold. Such anxieties on both sides in the Anglican Church were never known before. Keble was at his quiet retreat at Hursley, calmly waiting the turn of events, daily expecting Newman's movement to Rome. Pusey was under the ban. The sun which had advanced to high noon in a cloudless sky had become clouded while it was yet day. The very recent stir about Ritualism was as nothing to the unrest which, as we learn from this memoir, fevered men's hearts then. The controversy with Rome was less understood than it is now, and the leaders of the movement were unable to hold back the weaker men who followed in their steps. Keble was in the background, but it is easy to see that his great weight and influence guided the minds of his friends. These three never met but once after Newman's defection, and that was at Hursley vicarage, in 1865. It does not appear that intercourse was kept up between them after Newman went away. Yet the curtain was lifted just at the close of day; and these three met together, as it were accidentally, and dined by themselves, and renewed for a few hours their delightful intercourse as champions in an old contest wherein they had done more for the theological advancement of the English Church than any men before or since. Could we have had short-hand notes of that conversation! Newman tells the story with a memory not vivid enough for particulars. One item, however, we must quote: "Just before my time for going, Pusey went to read the evening service in church, and I was left in the open air with Keble by himself. . . . We walked a little way, and stood looking in silence at the church and churchyard, so beautiful and calm. Then he began to converse with

* *Memoir of the Rev. John Keble*. By Sir J. T. Coleridge. Oxford and London: Parker & Co.; New York: Scribner & Co.

me in more than his old tone of intimacy, as if we had never been parted; and soon I was obliged to go." Who will put that scene on canvas, and let it preach the power of friendship from age to age?

Keble's poetry, all agree, is that by which he will be best known, and here, without taking the highest ground, he perhaps on the whole better realizes the character of sacred poet than any other English writer. There is something wonderful about *The Christian Year*. There is a wonderful amount of nearness to common life in it, a wonderful directness of religious feeling, a singular union of the choicest images from nature, bits of English landscape, with the most delicate turns of religious thought, a fidelity in treating Bible scenes and characters which brings those events within range of the sympathies of to-day, a variety of expression for the shifting moods of religious feeling which writers like George Herbert or Bishop Coxé never attain to, a purity of tone which carries his verse far above the din of religious controversy into that region of exalted religious sentiment where all Christians are at one. When one considers all these qualities it is easy to see the great and enduring popularity of this volume. We await the publication of his scattered poems with some interest to see how far he came up in other things to this mark. One can easily trace in his more mature poetry much deeper thought and higher finish. *Lyra Innocentium*, which was mostly composed later on and as a relief from the intense anxieties which beset the end of the Tractarian movement, has some superior things and is a book of far more excellence than has generally been conceded to it. Keble underrated his poetical gifts. *The Christian Year* was the product of his youth, and in after years gave him no satisfaction. He disliked to be complimented about it, and once when asking for a short time to be assigned duty in the parish of a brother priest, he requested that it might be among poor people who could not recognize him as the poet. How much this enhances that volume! While it unconsciously portrays the author's inward life, the memoir more than confirms the saintly character which speaks out in the poetry. Keble accomplished much by his prose, though his style is jerky and wants strength; much by his lectures on poetry, though they are locked up in a dead language; but his pen seems to glide smoothly and naturally only in his stanzas. Sir J. T. Coleridge gives some excellent hints about reading his poems, one of which is that they must be read at intervals, and best by reading only those which belong to the holy season through which one may be passing. More than most poetry they demand some study in order to yield up all their meaning, which, like that of Scripture, unfolds very gradually; and this they are daily receiving from thousands of readers.

Very much might here be said of the picture of Keble's life at Hursley which has been so graphically drawn. After all, that life has perhaps more weight, and with many persons more interest and influence, than all that Keble has done, since it shows that this almost godless nineteenth century of ours has produced at least one saint. Seldom has a gifted man been more humble, more retiring, more modest in all the parts of his profession, more exact in duty, and more sought after by the earnest and best men of the age as their leader and guide. We have longed to see this life as here so kindly and lovingly set forth, and some abridgment of its most essential parts ought to be a household book in this country, if the work could only be put in the right hands. We hope some publisher will see that this is done.

GUSTAVE DE RAVIGNAN.*

THIS exemplary man, to whose labors much good must be attributed, has been but little known by foreigners, and very imperfectly appreciated by the mass of his own countrymen. And yet he belonged to an order which was never obscure; which for a long period ruled the civilized world, and was the strongest bulwark of the Catholic Church; whose labors were indefatigable, and whose power was correspondingly great. Possessing and exercising a control beyond that conceded to other orders, the Jesuits were in perpetual conflict with them; but by the scrupulous integrity of their men in office, their undaunted energy and success in converting the heathen in the remotest portions of the world, and their efforts to conform as much as possible to the manners of the age, by adopting less austere observances than are enjoined upon other monastic bodies, and sanctioning a greater degree of freedom and boldness of speculation, they endeavored to disarm the prejudices their great advancement occasioned. In this, however, it was scarcely possible for them to be always successful. Kings and statesmen marked their growing power with envy, and even their special vow of obedience to the Pope—whose chief emissaries to foreign courts were chosen from their order—did not preserve them from the jealousy which led to their suppression by Clement XIV., and their frequent persecution in France and other Catholic countries. But their influence was little impaired by papal antagonism. Dispersed all over the world, they were sheltered by princes because they were known to aid the powers which befriended them; their zeal and industry knew no abatement, and in 1814 Pius the Seventh restored the order, in the hope that by their aid he might give an impulse to the Catholic Church, humbled in his person by Napoleon. In the same year Gustave De Ravignan enlisted in the royal volunteers, and, like the illustrious founder of his order, fought bravely as a soldier. Leaving the army, he devoted his energies to the study of law, rose to the dignity of councillor of the royal court of Paris, became deputy *procureur de roi*, and was on the high road to fortune and distinction; but his heart was set upon another vocation, and in 1822, during a brief absence from home, he wrote: "God has spoken, my very dear mother, and I obey with joy. I thank Him for withdrawing me from the world." He then made a gift of all he possessed to his brother, in accordance with one of the rules of the order which enjoins perpetual poverty, and in the same year presented himself as a candidate for admission to the priesthood, being led, as he says, to become a Jesuit "by the very points which are most misunderstood, most distorted, and most attacked in the institute of the society." The institute prescribes long training for the apostolic ministry, and after six years spent in study, Ravignan, like Bourdaloue, passed the remaining years of preparation in teaching. In the daily intercourse with his pupils some of his happiest years were passed—years of industrious seclusion and undisturbed progress, in which the spirit of content, of moderation, humility, and obedience to authority became strengthened in him, while he imparted it to

others. The superior system of education organized by the disciples of Loyola gave them a powerful influence over the human mind. In their management of youth they were remarkably successful; and if the means by which their extraordinary ascendancy over the consciences of men may sometimes admit of question, we must allow to these great missionaries of knowledge the merit of being the steady friends of literature and science, and of founding a scheme of instruction more comprehensive than any hitherto existing; although it has been sometimes regretted that they rejected art as a means of tuition, and only used it for decorative purposes. At the age of forty Ravignan appeared for the first time in a prominent pulpit, and the sensation he produced in the cathedral of Amiens was only preliminary to his great success at Notre Dame. Coming, as he did, immediately after the great orator, Lacordaire, who created the conferences of Notre Dame, it required the possession of unusual gifts to enable him to satisfy his hearers; but although he could not compete with his predecessor in brilliancy, yet the influence of his high character was strongly seen and appreciated. He lacked, perhaps, the concentrated energy arising from depth of feeling, which so peculiarly marked the eloquence of Lacordaire, and he seemed rather a rapt and abstract student, animated by the light of divine philosophy, unimagined but profound. In speaking of the conferences, the biographer of Ravignan says:

"When we read, we may find some lack of poetry and literature; but no one thought of this when listening to his original and powerful words. He chose the word which expressed his thought, spoke to work conversion and not to give pleasure, with no thought of the memory of himself surviving save in the mind of God. Philosopher he was and thinker, but he was not what is called creative; endowed with an eminently positive mind, he preferred ordinary practical teaching to all inventions of his own and curious theories. The character and secret of his form of discourse must be sought not only in his natural temper, but in his religious convictions."

In 1843 a season of bitter persecution began for the Jesuits in France. Statesmen, politicians, and journalists determined to ruin an order whose constitution was termed by Richelieu a model of administrative policy, and whose members had been the staunch and successful supporters of the authority and tradition of Romanism against the assaults of Calvinism and insubordinate democracy. Ravignan was looked upon by the Father-General as the most fit person under these dangerous circumstances to fill the position of superior of the house at Paris, and he unwillingly accepted the heavy charge. Public opinion was stirred up in every quarter against the Jesuits. They were accused of plotting against the throne; the minister of public worship rebuked the Bishop of Angers for even expressing sympathy for them; the government took the alarm, and M. Guizot had several interviews on the subject with Father Ravignan, one of which is reported from his own notes. The persecutions continued for a long time, entailing immense labors upon Father Ravignan, whose health became impaired, and he was for a time compelled to cease his ministrations and travel.

In 1848 Ravignan returned, to find Paris disturbed by revolution; he was urged to lend his powerful aid in the restoration of order, and a strong appeal was made to him to accept a seat in the Assembly beside Lacordaire. Doubtless his incinations would have led him to do so, but he was restrained by the rules of his order. Lacordaire some ten years later, in a tribute to the memory of Ravignan, thus speaks of him:

"No revolutions disturbed the peace of his devotions; he watched them pass, as the shepherd feeding his flock on the hill looks down on the storms that traverse the plain. While others fled before the thunder-clap, he had no fear of it, and continued his work under God's eye, diffusing around him that security which is promised to him who lives raised above time. More enthusiasm of courage in danger might have been wished for, but not more constancy at the important post. He gave advice with all his heart; his authority cheered those who advanced further into the thick of the fight; and if his moderation preserved him in charity, it never led to discouragement."

His health partially restored, Ravignan again appeared in the pulpit in Paris, and in 1851 he delivered a series of discourses in London at the instance of Cardinal Wiseman. In a letter to Count Molé he says:

"Poor France! when I compare it with this country, I am sorry for it in more than one respect. Here at least the foundations of society remain, life is still based on principles and traditions which have their roots in the past. Those politicians who go the furthest, I was assured, would not make any attack on property, or the landed aristocracy. Here the government governs; there is a respect, an instinct inspiring the nation, and upholding the constitution and laws. It would seem that the frightful errors of socialism have not as yet perverted the working classes."

An interesting chapter is devoted to an account of the intercourse which Father Ravignan had with distinguished persons. In 1854 the Emperor decreed that the Jesuit college at St. Etienne should be closed, upon which Father Ravignan asked an audience with his Majesty, which was granted, and the full account is given as noted down by Ravignan himself. In the course of conversation Louis Napoleon asked:

"How is it that since the time of Henry IV. you have always excited dislike?"

Father de Ravignan. "Sire, this admits of only partial explanation, for there are some things which cannot be explained. We were brought into existence to resist the Reformation. Both under the reign of Henry IV., and before and after it, the spirit of Protestantism has abhorred the Jesuits. There has also always been, and there is still in existence, and there always will be, a political, parliamentary, Gallican spirit, in opposition to the Roman Church. We are regarded as Ultramontane, as very Roman, and it is true. We think that obedience to authority is the principle to be maintained in the Church as well as in the state."

The character of Father Ravignan is as perfect as it lies in the power of the biographer to present it. It affords an illustration of constancy and unshaken virtue triumphant over all obstacles and temptations; of a deep sense of humility and self-abnegation only paralleled by some of the Fathers of the Desert, in whose lives are to be found the rules and maxims of religious conduct which he followed; and an earnest resolve to embrace poverty with the unshaken fidelity of these great exemplars. His talents might have made him proud, but he was humble-minded as a child; arguing without dogmatism, and convincing without triumph. Of all the features of his character perhaps the most prominent was, that in him, self did not seem to be denied or mortified, but to be forgotten; there was no parade about the performance of his duty, it seemed to be his delight; his piety was an instinct; he breathed the atmosphere of religion, and it was the essential element of his existence.

LIBRARY TABLE.

THE SCIENCE OF A NEW LIFE. By John Cowan, M.D. New York: Cowan & Co. 1869.—The dedication of Dr. Cowan's book, "To all the Married, but particularly to those who contemplate Marriage," sufficiently indicates its scope and purpose. It is an earnest if not always judicious plea for temperance in all things, for the subjugation of the senses to the spirit, for the rule of purity and continence, especially in that relation of life which most people seem to enter only to find a pretext for discarding both. Without subscrib-

* *The Life of Father De Ravignan (of the Society of Jesus).* By Father De Poolevay, of the same Society. New York: Catholic Publication Society. 1869.

ing fully to all of Dr. Cowan's views, which are marked by a strictness approaching to austerity, it is impossible not to admire and applaud the entire delicacy of manner and the loftiness of aim with which he treats a nice and difficult subject. In an age given over to sensuality, it is pleasant to find one man lifting up his voice in behalf of a pure morality; and we are disposed to condone, if not to forgive, an error on the side of severity. Few people, we fear, will ever be able to follow out Dr. Cowan's plan of life, but whoever does, we have no doubt, will be the better for it physically and mentally. The chapters entitled *The Law of Continence*, *The Prevention of Conception* (wherein the author takes the true Christian ground that the only legitimate preventive is abstinence), *Children—their Desirability*, and *Feticide*, might be read with especial profit by that class of the community for whom the book is intended. To be sure, they tell us nothing that we did not know before; but what they say can scarcely be said too often, and is seldom said at all outside of medical text-books, or in a way to make it suitable or useful for the general reader. Dr. Cowan's views about the transmission of genius and the determination of sex in offspring are curious and not without plausibility, and his medical principles are simple and for the most part sound. Regularity, frugality, temperance in diet, personal cleanliness, daily baths not alone of water but of sun and air, a proper amount of sleep, and a moderate degree of exercise—a strict observance, in short, of natural laws, will insure health and go far to insure happiness. If only for the earnestness with which it denounces and condemns the atrocious practice of ante-natal infanticide, or the scarcely less revolting indecencies of prevention, the legal prostitution of all sorts for which modern marriage is made the flimsy veil, this book, with all its faults and errors, would be worthy of the praise of every pure-minded man and woman; but it calls for even higher approbation by its recognition and emphatic assertion of what to-day is so rarely recognized or admitted, the essential nobleness and purity and holiness of the marital state. It is to be regretted that Dr. Cowan's manner is not equal to his matter; his style is often stiff and inexact, and his language not seldom ungrammatical. To say, as on p. 28, that "a small waist, or graceful carriage, or good talker will not, in themselves, indicate the true characters of their possessors," is hardly so precise as we could wish, and the rule of syntax advising the agreement of verbs with their nominatives is sadly slighted throughout. These drawbacks detracted from our pleasure in reading the book, but they do not materially affect its other and rare merits. Of course it is not a book for indiscriminate reading, but no thoughtful man or woman, whose mind is sufficiently disciplined to detect and reject what in it is false, and to appreciate what is true, can read it, we imagine, without feeling morally elevated and improved.

Black Forest Village Stories. By Berthold Auerbach. Translated by Charles Goepff. Author's edition. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 1869.—Auerbach's novels are rapidly growing in favor with American readers. Already publishers are beginning to contend which shall have the honor of presenting his works earliest to his trans-Atlantic public. These village stories are Pre-Raphaelitic pictures of peasant life on the borders of the Black forest—pictures so simple and so vivid that with a little stretch of fancy we can see the figures moving in the fields or in the roads, the smoke curling up from the rustic cottages, and almost hear the soft gutturals transforming themselves into the sharp aspirates of our English speech. In each story we meet the same fresh-faced peasants—the men in roundabout jackets with jingling buttons, the blonde maidens with home-spun petticoats which show the well-turned ankles; everywhere the same homely, simple life. This is all delightful to read about, because it is so fresh and new. The perfectly unaffected manner in which these tales are told is another of their charms, and the book will have a wholesome attraction for any reader whose taste has not been vitiated by the highly-spiced pictures current in the literature of to-day.

Salt-water Dick. By May Mannering. *Helping-hand Series.* Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1869.—The fifth volume of the *Helping-hand Series* is evidently written with the object of getting as much instruction into so small a book as a juvenile reader could conveniently carry away. Whether an ordinary child would understand all that the words are intended to convey is another matter. Many youthful minds on being told that the rock of the Chincha Islands "is composed of feldspar or porphyry, and appears to have been formed by separate inundations of lava," would receive but a vague idea of the process. And among all the children of tender years with whom we are acquainted we do not remember one of five summers on whom the account of the earthquake—when "the quiet night was broken up by a terrible and solemn concussion of the earth, in which it seemed as if the subterranean caverns," etc.—would not have had the same effect as it had on little Fred, namely, to put him fast asleep. The pranks of the little negro Woolly, a second edition of Topsy, will be the attraction of the book to the children—if it attracts them at all. Why do not American writers of juvenile books imitate German authors, and really write stories as if they expected them to be read by children?

Juliette; or, Now and For Ever. By Mrs. Madeline Leslie. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1869.—Exceedingly mediocre in style, improbable in incident, and wretched in its character-drawing. A delicate young girl, of immense wealth and highest social connections, is so persecuted by a doting father, on account of her desire to live a life of Christian duty and acknowledge her faith in the doctrines of Jesus, that she is driven from home and friends, an outcast. Upon leaving her father, who is painted neither as a fool nor a brute, but a parent whose ruling passion is his devoted fondness for his child, the heroine, after many wanderings, finds refuge in a Lowell factory, where she unites the labors of the loom with uninterrupted religious exercises. Nothing could be more unlikely than all this, and common sense rebels at a novel which does not give us some semblance of probability. Inquisitorial persecutions for opinion's sake are not common in these days and loving fathers were never the chief inquisitors. Altogether, we fancy the characters of the book are merely lay figures on which to drape the devotion of the saintly heroine—a devotion which has been the noblest virtue of past ages, but which the tolerant nineteenth century leaves little opportunity for displaying.

How to read Character: A New Illustrated Hand-book of Phrenology and Physiognomy, for Students and Examiners; with a descriptive chart. New York: Samuel R. Wells. 1869.—We once had very lucidly pointed out to us

by an eminent anatomist that there was no correspondence between the inner and outer protuberances and depressions of the covering of the brain; hence we have since had little or no faith in bumps as phrenological indications of character. Quantity of brain has generally much to do with intellectual ability, but the localization of the various powers and faculties of the mind in certain limited parts of this organ rests upon no scientific basis. Physiognomy has much higher claims as an index to character—not the mere form, the outer setting of the jewel within, but those flashes of expression, those glimpses of the inner man, most evident perhaps in the eye, which constitute true individuality. Whatever there is of value in this volume—and it contains much we can commend—will be found in those general physiological principles and hygienic rules incorporated in its pages.

The Phenomena and Laws of Heat. By Achille Cazin, Professor of Physics in the Lyceum of Versailles. Translated and edited by Elihu Rich. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1869.—We like this volume of the "Illustrated Library of Wonders" decidedly better than the one recently published on optics, although that was an excellent specimen of a popular treatise. The work treats of the various sources of heat, its radiation, conduction, and mechanical effect, the artificial production of cold—an extremely interesting chapter—and discusses the existence of heat in the interior of the earth, and its distribution over the surface of our globe. Being a translation, the frequent occurrence of French weights and measures, which could scarcely be avoided, is rather a drawback to the general reader, who may be safely assumed to know little about grammes, metres, litres, and their divisions, subdivisions, and English equivalents. The difficulty, however, is, we must confess, to some extent obviated, but not wholly removed, by the comparative table of French and English systems of weights, etc., published at the beginning of the volume. The book is well printed, and the illustrations, which number nearly a hundred, judiciously selected.

The Inspiration of the Holy Scriptures. By the Rev. Frederick T. Brown, D.D. Philadelphia: Presbyterian Board of Education.—The inspiration of the Scriptures is not a subject to be disposed of in a small pamphlet of thirty-one pages, unless on the plan adopted by Dr. Brown, of sneering at all other theories except what he is pleased to term the orthodox, as pernicious and absurd. But would it not be well, before cavilling at sceptics and infidels, if professors would agree among themselves what the Bible really is, and what are its teachings? Here is a book which we implicitly accept at second-hand as of divine origin, a book of wondrous power, beauty, and vitality, which no two believers in it understand alike, and yet which is the standard of faith and practice of a hundred religious denominations as widely divergent from each other as the poles. What a pity it is we cannot have a second inspiration to tell us what the first one means!

Religion and Life. By James Reed. New York: Published by the General Convention of the New Jerusalem in the United States of America, at its Publishing House, 20 Cooper Union.—A thoughtful religious tone pervades the four essays on God, the Scriptures, and life here and hereafter, incorporated under this title. The peculiar tenets of Swedenborgians of course crop out occasionally, but are not especially obtrusive, except in the last essay. There is much, however, not distinctively savoring of the new Church, and the general tendency of the book is good. Mr. Reed inclines to the dogmatic rather than to the logical, but his strong bias everywhere apparent is never offensive, and we can extract the wheat from the chaff without any very violent shock to our own cherished convictions.

Manual for the use of the Legislature of the State of New York. Albany: Weed, Parsons & Co. 1869.—This revision of the legislative *Manual* not only contains an official *résumé* of almost all matters pertaining to the state of New York—its official machinery, railroads, canals, real and personal property, post-offices, agricultural societies, etc.—but also considerable general information and statistics. It is tersely arranged, neatly printed, well bound, and makes a very presentable and useful book of reference.

Théâtre Complet de Jean Racine, avec des remarques littéraires et un choix de notes classiques. New York: D. Appleton et Cie. 1869.—Racine's plays are here presented in a handsome, substantial form, well bound, well printed, in good readable type. Each play is introduced by a preface; a sketch of the life and works of the author is given at the beginning of the volume, and there are upward of thirty pages of explanatory notes at the end. This edition of a French classic is worthy a place in every library.

The Chemical News and Journal of Physical Science. Edited by William Crookes, F.R.S. With an American supplement, edited by Prof. C. A. Seeley.—The most important of the contents of the May number of this excellent periodical is the continuation of the *Lectures on Carbon*, by Dr. Odling, which are extremely interesting, and couched in language which everybody can understand and appreciate.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

HURD & Houghton, New York.—Works of Charles Dickens: The Uncommercial Traveller, Master Humphrey's Clock, New Christmas Stories, General Index of Characters and their appearances, Familiar Sayings from Dickens's Works. Illustrated from designs by Darley and Gilbert. Two volumes in one. Globe Edition. Pp. 604. G. P. PUTNAM & SON, New York.—The New West; or, California in 1867-68. By Charles Loring Brace. Pp. 373. 1869.
LEE & SHEPARD, Boston.—The Gates Wide Open; or, Scenes in Another World. By George Wood. Pp. 354. 1869.
J. SMITH HOMANS, New York.—History of the Legal Tender Paper Money issued during the Rebellion. Prepared by Hon. E. G. Spaulding. Pp. 212. 1869.
A. S. BARNES & CO., New York.—The First Six Books of Virgil's *Æneid*; with Explanatory Notes, a Lexicon, and a Map. By Edward Searling, A.M. Pp. 421.
A Summary of English and French History, for the use of Schools. 1869.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO., Philadelphia.—The White Rose: A Novel. By G. J. Whyte Melville. WOODRUFF & BLOEKER, Little Rock, Ark.—The Bloody Junta: A Novel. By Capt. R. H. Crozier, A.M.
HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.—For Her Sake. By Frederick W. Robinson.
D. GERADY, New York.—Centaurine.

NATIONAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY AND PUBLICATION HOUSE, New York.—The Temperance Speaker. Edited by J. N. Stearns. Pp. 288. 1869.
HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.—The Old Testament History, from the Creation to the Return of the Jews from Captivity. Edited by William Smith, LL.D. With Maps and Woodcuts. Pp. 715. 1869.
J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO., Philadelphia.—Aspects of Humanity, Brokenly Mirrored in the Ever-swelling Current of Human Speech. 1869.
CATHOLIC PUBLICATION SOCIETY, New York.—Impressions of Spain. By Lady Herbert. With Illustrations. Pp. 272. 1869.
CLAXTON, REMSEN & HAFELFINGER, Philadelphia.—The Elements of Theoretical and Descriptive Astronomy. By Charles J. White, A.M. Pp. 372. 1869.
Vulgarisms, and other Errors of Speech. To which is added a Review of Mr. G. Washington Moon's *Dean's English and Bad English*. Second Edition. Pp. 244. 1869.

PAMPHLETS.

Also, the Overland Monthly, New York Medical Journal, Little's Living Age, Philadelphia Journal of Medicine, the Architectural Review and Builder's Guide, Lippincott's Magazine, the American Law Register, Every Saturday, the Home Monthly, Brooklyn Monthly, Good Health, the Month, Putnam's Monthly.

TABLE-TALK.

THE Paris *Cosmopolitan* regards the cry here for protection as humiliating, and says indignantly: There is something offensive in this word "protection" to a self-reliant and independent people. To ask for protection of any sort is a sign of weakness, of inferiority. Infants require protection, and women used to want protectors. Small and feeble states, called by courtesy "powers," also have to be protected by their superiors. But when a great nation clamors to have its productions, agricultural or mechanical, protected by tariffs, it cuts a sorry figure in the eyes of all the world by confessing its inability to cope with its rivals. We do not understand how a proud and independent American can read the daily appeals of the New York *Tribune*, and other high-tariff organs, for "protection," without a blush of shame or a flush of indignation. Protection against whom or what? The labor, skill, capital, or soil of other countries? Ridiculous nonsense, monstrous injustice! America needs no protection, and her legislators should proudly spurn the narrow-minded, illogical, illiberal, and humiliating idea. Whatever America cannot make, or produce, better and cheaper than any other nation, let her take those articles of commerce from others in exchange for her own unrivalled products or fabrics. The doctrine of protection lacks the first element of justice; in plain English, it is downright robbery. To protect one man's business, be he farmer or manufacturer, you must tax another's. If the New England cotton-spinner must be protected or subsidized by the government, why not the Southern cotton-grower? This old tariff quarrel had much more to do in bringing about the late civil war than the slavery question; and we regret to say that the fight is still going on. We regret still more that the present party in power in the United States hold to the protection dogma as one of its corner-stones. This, if no other causes were at work, will, sooner or later, seal the fate of the Republican party. It is based on a falsehood, and, therefore, it cannot long endure. On turning to France, we are still more surprised to find a party clamoring for protection, for the repeal of the (comparatively) free-trade treaty with England. The movement originated with a few selfish manufacturers, led off by a Rouen deputy, largely interested in cotton mills, we believe. A committee of the *Corps Législatif* has got the matter under their consideration. We trust there is too much wisdom and logic in the legislature of France to listen to the interested appeals of the protectionists, who are not ashamed to confess that they cannot compete with England in the manufacture of certain articles. Then let them go to England for these articles, and pay for them in their duty-free wines, gloves, jewellery, and *articles de Paris*. Free trade is the gospel of commerce, the salvation of nations. And yet, thus far, the most advanced governments have only approached it.

STRANGE liberties are sometimes taken with unfamiliar names by our accomplished metropolitan journalists. The other evening at the anniversary of the National Temperance Society, the meeting was addressed by Dr. Frederic R. Lees, recently arrived here from England, and the orthography of whose name could not, therefore, be very well known to our newspaper reporters, though the gentleman is a very able and frequent speaker on temperance in his own land. One report spelled it "Leys," which was not so wide of the mark; but another, written evidently by a reporter of domestic proclivities, actually had it "Pease." A humorous blunder also occurred in a short editorial in the *Tribune* a few days ago. The writer was commenting on a statement by the *Times* correspondent that a telegraphic despatch leaving Washington at 10:30 A. M. for Helena, Montana, and getting back at 4:40 P. M. occupied less than six hours ten minutes, "allowing for the difference in longitude between the two places;" and he very properly remarked that the correspondent's ideas of the effect of longitude on time were singularly out at sea. Owing to a transposition of the types, however, what he really said was, that after puzzling over the problem for some time he was unable to see how the difference between 10:40 A. M. and 4:30 P. M. could be less than six hours and ten minutes—a confession for which, we fully expected, the arithmetic man of the *World*, if he had not for once been caught napping, would sharply have rapped his knuckles.

WE are glad that the prospect of a couple of international races between Harvard and the Oxford and Cambridge Universities of England is now so promising. The races will be in four-oared gigs, to be rowed on the Thames from Mortlake to Putney, the course of the annual contest between Oxford and Cambridge. The relative weights of the competing crews will be very uniform, and the races would appear to depend upon style and endurance. Harvard has shown considerable pluck in challenging, on their own waters, the two first crews of England; and, whatever fate may have in store for her, she certainly deserves success. Her chances, we think, are far from slight; though it is impossible to judge of the merits of the respective crews except by actual experiment. In any event, she is certain to do herself honor and uphold our national reputation. Should the proposed matches inaugurate an annual friendly contest all lovers of both countries would rejoice, as it would greatly help to promote those amicable relations which ought ever to exist between the two nations.

SOME new drinking-fountains are being erected in Brooklyn which, if not very ornamental, will prove of service to those members of the public who believe water to be the best, as well as the cheapest, beverage through the summer months. There is plenty of room for similar erections in New York, particularly on the great thoroughfares in the lower part of the city. Public fountains are effective promoters of public health and sobriety, and we shall be glad to see their number largely increased.

CATHCART & HALL, New York, will shortly publish *The Pocket Tourist, or Guide to Seaside and Country*, by Edward H. Hall. Lippincott & Co. have just imported a new edition of *Bagster's Polyglott Bible, in Eight Languages*; they have also in press, *Beatrice*, a poem, by Hon. Roden Noel; *Eight Years' Wanderings in Ceylon*, by Sir S. W. Baker; *The Sexes, here and hereafter*, by Dr. Holcombe; *Manual of Oriental History*; *Christian Singers of Germany*; *The Science of Right* (Fichte); *Three Thousand Miles through the Rocky Mountains*, and several novels.

MR. G. W. CARLETON, one of our most enterprising publishers, and, we may add, one of the most sagacious of business men, has bought the Worth House in New York city, and intends that it shall hereafter be conducted on the European plan. The ground floor, or a part of it, would be a magnificent situation for a

publishing house, and we presume that Mr. Carleton has this in view in making this large and adventurous purchase. He has our good wishes for his success, whether providing for mind or body.

THE first number of a new art periodical, called the *Portfolio*, of which Philip Gilbert Hamerton, the eminent artist and art writer, is editor, will appear July 1, of the present year. It will be monthly, and Mr. Seeley, of Fleet Street, London, will be the publisher. Mr. Hamerton proposes to make the paper more artistic than critical in its character, giving several illustrations in each issue, and avoiding the dullness incidental to art publications. The first number will contain sixteen pages and five illustrations, but it is hoped that after a little the print and illustrations will be doubled. The main object of the enterprise is to circulate the very best art at a lower price than would be possible without the certain sale of a regular periodical issue. This venture will no doubt be successful, as both editor and publisher are just the men for the undertaking. Mr. Hamerton works regularly and daily at his easel, yet his literary engagements are enough to overwhelm an ordinary man. In addition to the editorship of the *Portfolio*, the burden of which will fall on him, he has engagements with the *Saturday Review*, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and the *Fortnightly Review*. He has lately sold the copyright of a novel which is yet unfinished to Messrs. Blackwood, of Edinburgh, and has agreed to contribute to the *Atlantic* and *Putnam's Monthly* on this side. Beside all this he is expected to join a literary club on the model of the old *Spectator*, which will publish its productions in the *Globe* newspaper. Here indeed is a busy man. His writings, however, have the most charming freshness, and betray no sign of the weary *littérateur*.

FRENCH journalists are beginning to settle their quarrels with the pen rather than the sword, though duels are still common. M. Perrières, of the *Nain Jaune*, having written an article in which M. Meyer, of the *Paris*, was described as a Jew-peddler, a card-sharper, and a broken-down old clothes-man, M. Meyer challenged M. Perrières to mortal combat. They exchanged two shots a-piece, and at the second fire M. Meyer received a bullet in the stomach, which has not been extracted, and his condition is very critical.

BURTON-UPON-TRENT, England, has long been famous for its extensive breweries, of which Allsopp's and Bass's are the most noted. The former establishment employs over a thousand hands, and produces during the brewing season about 50,000 gallons of ale a day. The premises of Bass & Co. occupy more than forty-eight acres; fifteen hundred people are employed, and more than a million bushels of malt used in a season. "Bitter beer" was first brewed in a teapot in 1822.

DR. EPSTEIN, the professor of legerdemain of whom we had a short paragraph in our last number, recently came to grief in Paris in rather a tragic manner: One of his tricks is to load a pistol and ask some one among the spectators to fire it at him, when he produces the bullet in his hand. Unfortunately, on this occasion, he left the ramrod in the barrel, and on the pistol being fired at him it went right through his body, inflicting a dangerous wound. The ramrod passed clean through his chest, coming out at the back, and within a line or two of the top of the right lung.

M. PERRIN, says *Galignani*, has discovered a new constellation in the Terpsichorean firmament, one Signorina Boyyecchi. This charming creature, not yet sixteen, displayed such wondrous grace that M. Perrin placed her under the care of competent instructors, and at a recent private rehearsal she out-Ceritoed Taglioni.

THREE new plays by M. Goldschmidt, the Danish novelist, have recently been produced at the Royal Theatre, Copenhagen. Two of them, *A Flaw* and *From the Other World*, are comedies. The third and more important work, *The Rabbi and the Knight*, is a "grand drama."

DR. AIRY, the astronomer royal of England, has just been delighting the dons and undergraduates of Cambridge by a series of lectures on magnetism, illustrated by the most elaborate and costly machinery.

THE London opera season has not so far been marked by much novelty; *Norma*, *Fidelio*, *Les Huguenots*, *Puritani*, *Trovatore*, the *Flauto Magico*, and *Linda de Chamouni* being the principal pieces.

A REFRESHMENT room is to be added to the London Royal Academy during the exhibition season.

CHESS.

THE *Book of the Paris Chess Congress of 1867* has at length been received in this country, and judging from the brief examination we have made of its contents, it appears to reflect great credit on the industry and patience of the editors, Messrs. De Rivière and Neumann. The volume opens with the report of the secretary, M. Féry d'Esclands, who gives a short account of the proceedings in the three previous International Chess Tournaments, held in London (1851 and 1862) and New York (1857). Then follow the games (136 in number, illustrated by numerous diagrams) played in the Tourney for the Emperor's prize, some of which are admirable specimens of Chess strategy, though for the most part they go far to bear out the general impression, that in contests of this nature a good player rarely does justice to his previous reputation. The games in the Handicap Tournament, the matches contested by Mr. Neumann with Messrs. Golmayo, Winawer, and Rosenthal, together with a selection of more than 120 Problems from the various sets sent in for competition, occupy the second part of the book, while the closing pages are devoted to a short analysis of the different openings, compiled in tabular form. Altogether the book is one of the most important and interesting recent contributions to modern Chess literature, and well merits a place in every Chess-player's library.

GAME LXI.

Played at the New York Chess Club between Messrs. Zerega and Mackenzie, the latter giving the odds of Pawn and two moves.

REMOVE BLACK'S KBP.

WHITE—Mr. Z. BLACK—Mr. M.
1. P to K4 2. P to K3
Kt to QB3, we believe to be the safest move the second player can adopt at these odds.
3. B to Q3 4. P to KB3
5. P to K5 6. P to K4
By checking at R4 with Queen, Black can win a Pawn, but remains with a very cramped game.
7. P to QB3 8. Kt to QB3
9. Q to QB2 10. Q to QK3
11. Kt to KB3 12. P takes QP
13. Castles 14. P to Q4
15. P takes P en pass. 16. KB takes P
17. B takes KtP ch
Though this sacrifice may not be strictly sound, it enables White to keep up a most harassing attack on his opponent.

11. Q takes P ch 10. P takes B
12. B to KKt5 11. K to B
13. B to K2

A feeble move, which goes far toward losing Black the game; Q to QB2 would have been much more to the purpose.

13. B takes B ch 13. QKt takes B
14. Q to KKt5 14. Q to Q3
15. Kt to K5 15. R to KR2

He ought rather to have brought his pieces on the Queen's side into action. The attack from this point is exceedingly well conducted by Mr. Z.

16. Kt to Q2 16. R to KKt2
17. Q to KB4 ch 17. K to K
18. Kt to K4 18. Q to Q4
19. P to QB4 19. Q to Q
20. QR to Q 20. Kt to KB4
21. KR to K 21. P to QK3
22. Kt to KKt3 22. KKt to K2

Q to KKt4 or Kt takes Kt would have been less disastrous than this move of the Kt, which loses the "exchange" at least.

23. Kt to KR5 23. K to B
24. Kt takes K 24. K takes Kt

25. Q to Kt5 ch
26. K to Q3
And Black resigns.

25. K to R3

GAME LXII.

Between the same players at the same odds.

REMOVE BLACK'S KBP.

WHITE—Mr. Z.

BLACK—Mr. M.

1. P to K4
2. P to Q4

1. —
2. P to QB4

A hazardous move, as it allows White to win a second Pawn; it requires, however, considerable care on the part of the first player to avoid the snares into which he is apt to fall after the capture of the Pawn.

3. Q to KR3 ch
4. Q takes QBP
5. P to Q5
6. Q to K3

3. P to KKt3
4. Kt to QB3
5. P to K4
6. Kt to Q5

B to KR3 is of no avail, as White replies with Q to QB3.

7. Q to Q3

It is obvious enough why he does not go now to Q B3.

7. P to QR3

Providing a place of retreat for the Kt.

8. P to QR4
9. Kt to Q2

8. Kt to KB3
9. Q to QKt3

So as to play Kt to Kt6 should White advance P to B3.

10. Kt to QB4
11. B to K3
12. QR to Q

10. Q to QB2
11. B to QB4

Pawn to Q6 looks a much more embarrassing move for Black.

13. P to QB3
14. B to KKt5

12. P to Q3
13. Kt to QKt6

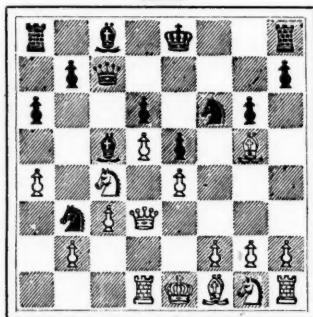
This is not well played, and gives Black an immediate advantage.

14. B takes BP ch

A sound sacrifice, as, if the Bishop be taken, Black wins a piece and two Pawns in return for it.

The position before Black's 14th move is sufficiently interesting to merit a diagram:

BLACK.



WHITE.

15. K takes B
16. Q to KB3

15. Kt to QB4

Owing to the commanding situation of the two Black Kts the White Queen is powerless to protect the Bishop.

17. Q takes Kt

16. B to KKt5

In answer to 17, Q to K3, which is decidedly better

than the move made, Black would probably have taken R with Bishop.

18. K to K
19. B takes Kt
20. B takes KP
21. R takes KB ch

And White resigned.

GAME LXIII.

Between Messrs. Wisker and Bird, in the recent Tournament for the Challenge Cup of the British Chess Association.

CUNNINGHAM GAMBIT.

WHITE—Mr. W.

BLACK—Mr. B.

1. P to K4
2. P to KB4
3. Kt to KB3
4. B to QB4

1. P to K4
2. P takes P
3. B to K2
4. B to KR3 ch

The Cunningham Gambit is but rarely played nowadays, being generally admitted to be inferior to several other modes of defence to the King's Kt's Gambit.

5. K to B

Better than P to KtKt3, though the latter move also requires great care on the side of the defence.

6. B takes P
7. Kt to QB3
8. B to QKt3
9. Q to K2
10. P to Q3
11. P to KtKt3
12. B takes Kt
13. Kt takes B
14. QR to K

5. P to Q4
6. Kt to KB3
7. P to QB3
8. Kt to KtKt5
9. Castles
10. B to KtK4
11. Kt to K6 ch
12. P takes B
13. Q takes Kt

King to Kt2, as the editor of the *Westminster Chess Club Papers* justly remarks, would have been better.

15. K to Kt
16. Q takes KP
17. Kt to K2

14. B to R6 ch
15. Kt to Q2
16. Q to KR4
17. P to KtK4

This looks bold, but apparently can be ventured on with safety and even with advantage.

18. P to Q4
19. P to QB3
20. B to Q
21. Q to KB2
22. Q takes P
23. Kt to KB4

18. K to R
19. P to KB4
20. P to KB5
21. P takes P
22. R to KB6

This part of the game is extremely interesting, and is very well played by both combatants.

23. P takes Kt

23. P takes Q

Preferable to capturing the Queen.

24. B takes R
25. B takes Q
26. R to K3
27. K takes Q
28. P to QKt3
29. P to QB4
30. B to K2
31. R to KtKt3
32. K to Kt2
33. B to Q3
34. R takes R ch
35. K to B3
36. P to QR4
37. P to Q5
38. K to K3
39. P to K5
40. P to Q6
41. B to K4
42. B takes P
43. B to QB6
44. P to Q7
45. P to QKt4

24. P takes Q
25. P to KtKt7 ch
26. P takes R Queens
27. B to K3
28. R to KtKt
29. R to KtKt4
30. K to Kt2
31. K to Kt3
32. Kt to B3
33. Kt to KR4
34. K takes R
35. P to KR3
36. P to QR4
37. B to KtKt5 ch
38. P to QB4
39. B to Q8
40. B to KtKt5
41. B to K3
42. Kt to KtKt2
43. B to KR6
44. Kt to K3

Mr. Wisker makes a gallant struggle against the superior force of his adversary.

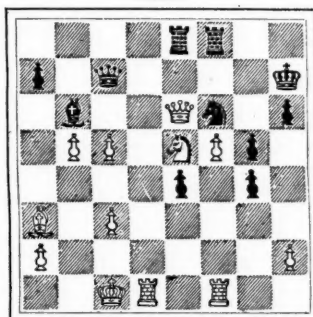
46. P to QB5
47. B to QKt5
48. K to Q4

45. QBP takes P
46. Kt to Q
47. B to KtKt7
48. K to B4

And White surrenders.

END GAME.—The following instructive position occurred in a game played between Messrs. Hirschfeld and Kolisch.

BLACK.



WHITE.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. M., Pittsburg, Pa.—The *Book of the Paris Chess Congress* can be procured through any of the foreign booksellers in New York. The price is between six and seven dollars.

C. N. C., Buffalo, N. Y.—Certainly a very pretty little problem. It is to be found, we believe, in the published collection of problems by the late J. B. of Bridport, Eng. Solutions (Prob. xxxix. excepted) correct.

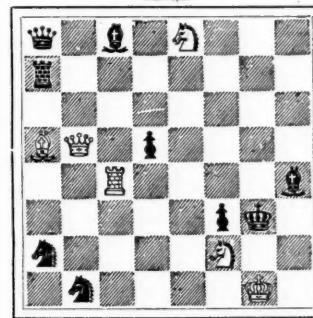
M., Westminster Chess Club, London.—The *Westminster Papers* for May received with thanks.

The contest between Messrs. Neumann and Rosenthal terminated, as was expected, in favor of Mr. Neumann, who scored four games to his opponent's one, one game being drawn.

In the Tourney at the Café Europa, Division Street, New York, Mr. Delmar and Dr. Jones, of Washington, so far stand at the head of the score, though, owing to the large number of games that have yet to be played, it would be premature to form any conjecture as to the probable winner of the first prize.

PROBLEM XLII. By Mr. T. Strauss. From the *Neue Berliner Schachzeitung*.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and checkmate in three moves.

White (Mr. Hirschfeld) having to play, won the game in very elegant style, as follows:

WHITE.

BLACK.

1. R to Q7 ch

1. Kt takes R

Taking Rook with Queen would be equally fatal.

2. Q to Kt6 ch
3. Q takes RP ch
4. Q takes KtP ch
5. Q to R5 ch
6. Q takes KtP ch

2. K to R
3. K to Kt
4. K to R2
5. K to Kt2
6. K to B3

If the King go anywhere else, he is mated in two moves.

7. Q to Kt6 ch
8. Q to Kt7 ch

7. K takes Kt
8. R to KtB3

Interposing the Kt is slightly better; after the move made, Mr. H. announced mate in six moves.

9. Q to KtKt3 ch
10. P to QH4 ch
11. Q to QKt3 ch
12. R to Qch
13. R to Q7 ch
14. Q to KtKt3 mate

9. K to Q4
10. K takes P
11. K to Q5
12. K to K4
13. K to B5

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

PROBLEM XXXIX.

WHITE.

BLACK.

1. R to QKt4
2. Q or B mates

1. Any move

PROBLEM XL.

WHITE.

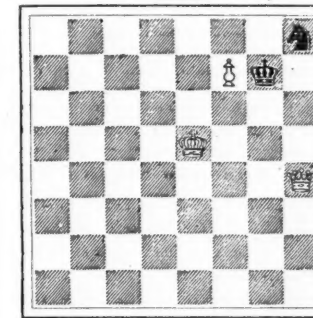
BLACK.

1. P to KR3
2. P to KKt4
3. P to KtKt5
4. P to KtKt6 mate

1. P to KR5
2. P to KR4
3. P to KR3

PROBLEM XLII. By Mr. S. Loyd. From the *American Chess Nuts*.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and checkmate in four moves.

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